

DONALD CAMERON

Retiring President of The Students' Union

—Or in terms of the Handbook: "Ag. '30; Elnora. President of the Students' Union, 1929-30; Students' Council, '28-'29, '29-'30; Committee on Student Affairs, '29-'30; Director Year Book, '28-'29; President Debating, '29-'29; Executive Lit., '28-'29; Senior Soccer, '27-'28, '28-'29; Chief Executive of the Student Commonwealth.

As the term of office of the Chief Executive of the Student Commonwealth draws to a close, it is fitting here to make a few observations as to the manner in which he has discharged his duties.

Executive work may be divided into two factors: Routine and initiative. During his term of office Don has faithfully attended to all details concerned with his office, giving unsparingly of his time.

His initiative in legislation is attested in large degree by the work of the Students' Council this term, with whom his relations have been both amicable and cooperative.

Legislation this session has met with apparent general approval. Outstanding in this respect is the installation and initial operation of the new system of Student Self-Government.

This year has seen the facilitation of Year Book Management through the collection of the optional Three Dollar Subscription.

The system of Honorariums adopted by the Council is open perhaps to criticism, but was adopted after careful consideration as the only possible and logical means of meeting existing circumstances.

During Don's term of office the abuses of alleged privileges regarding tickets to Student Union activities was brought to a sharp conclusion. The method adopted to meet this, although possibly ill-timed, was very effective, and was at once followed by sane and remedial legislation.

Due to an unforeseen lack of support to our athletic events a financial crisis arose in the Athletic Budget. But due in large measure to Don's refusal to allow indebtedness for future Councils and to touch the Union's Bonded Reserve, and to his successful negotiations with the Rink Committee, the Council put on a successful drive for funds among the students. Part of the Council procedure was criticized; but nevertheless the honor of the University was preserved in that the Athletic Association was enabled to carry out its agreement with the W.C.I.A.U. Finally to ensure no repetition of such an occurrence, the Council is now at the point of adopting a voluntary athletic fee.

As is naturally to be expected of every administration, critics are to be found, and some legislation has been overlooked, but in view of the progressive steps taken by this year's Council, Don's Administration has been a marked success—a commendable conclusion of four years' service in student activities.



FRESH FROSH FINAL FROLIC

Feeling Funny, Festive Freshmen Fling Fast, Furious Funfest

Last Saturday evening we were suddenly thrust back into the latter days of last September, not only in thought, but also in surroundings. It was on the occasion of the Freshman Reception to the Sophomores.

It is to be especially remarked that the dance commenced on time. After meeting the patronesses of the evening, who were Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Cook and Miss Dodd, we found ourselves in the real temple of Freshiehood resplendent with symbols of all those things endeared to Class '33 by experience.

Suspended from the ceiling like a massive chandelier-bowl was an enormous green and gold Freshie cap. It drew considerable comment and was the object of a certain amount of curiosity until the rumour passed around that it was empty. Gay festoons of yellow and green balloons passed from the cap to all corners of the hall creating a decided carnival effect, which seemed in turn to bring to the general atmosphere of the dance a certain carefreeness of spirit. Smaller Freshie caps served as jaunty lamp shades throughout Athabasca Hall. Even, the programmes were striking in their appropriateness—they were tiny Freshie bibs.

By the end of the first dance the rendezvous attracted our attention. The Freshmen expressed their sentiments regarding the ban on bow ties in one great green and gold bow on the north wall. To the left of the bow, an enlargement of a Freshie bib was found to be another rendezvous; while, on the south wall, all honour and respect was paid to the well-known yet mysterious Freshman 1001—another rendezvous. At a glance to the right, there came flying back to memory visions of bottles on a string elusively distracting the attention of certain designing persons, which appeared before the bleachers on Track Day last fall. For, the fourth rendezvous was a somewhat oversized milk bottle—not as big as the one on E.G.D. overtown, but nevertheless a little too large to be a source of unalloyed pleasure to souvenir collectors.

Again in the gym, the University colors were everywhere displayed in the green and yellow candles and table decorations, and formed a pleas-

ing setting for the dainty supper. Mention should be made of the improvised orchestra whose much-appreciated performance entertained the guests so well for a brief interval during the second supper.

For the last time this year we thoroughly enjoyed a formal dance programme by our own Varsity Orchestra. So far, every formal has been dubbed "One of the most delightful functions of this session." Dare we change the wording a little and say of this:—"the most delightful function of this session?"

M. ALLARD SPEAKS TO FRENCH CIRCLE

"Oxford" is Subject of Interesting Address—Student Customs at Institution Discussed

The last regular meeting of the French Club for the present term was held on Wednesday afternoon, March 12, in A212. M. de Savoye, President of the Club, called upon the secretary to read the minutes of the last meeting. Two brief readings were given by students of medicine on the topics: "Traitement de la fièvre typhoïde" and "Le rougeole." Miss D. Hawley revealed an excellent French accent in a well-prepared speech on "Les avantages d'étudier le français."

The main address of the afternoon was delivered by M. H. Allard, of the Department of Modern Languages, who spoke on "Oxford." The disappointing impression produced upon those arriving in this quiet, old-world town for the first time; the aloofness of English students towards "colonials," the hardships of the first English winter, were humorously described. The speaker painted a vivid picture of student life at Oxford: tutors, colleges, sport, afternoon tea, proctors, political clubs and the Oxford Union all helped to produce the atmosphere of a different land, where student traditions and habits of thought are very different from those in existence here. In conclusion, M. Allard stressed the respect and love for Oxford which is inspired in all who have spent a few happy years there.

M. de Savoye thanked the speaker. The last meeting for the term will be held on Monday, March 24th, at 4:30 in Convocation Hall, and will be featured by an excellent program of music.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL MEETING MAR. 18

(a) Call to Order:
The Students' Council met in the Lounge of Athabasca Hall at 7:00 p.m., President Cameron in the chair.

(b) Minutes:
Motion: That the minutes be adopted as read. Carried.

(c) New Business:

1. Motion: That the Girls' Basketball team be censured for failing to carry out their agreement with the Grads for the second game of a series. Lost by casting vote.

2. Motion: "Amendments to the Literary Association Act". That: (1) Sub-section 1 of Section VI of the "Act to provide for the constitution of the Literary Association" is amended by adding after the word "design" in the second line: "(the same design to be used for all clubs under the Literary Association)".

(2) Sub-section 2 of Section VI shall be re-numbered Sub-section 3.

(3) The following is inserted as Sub-section 2 of Section VI: "2. Not more than one pin may actually be given to any member of the Literary Association, but each time a member is awarded a decoration by the Literary Executive he shall receive a certificate to that effect from the Literary Executive."

(4) The above amendments shall come into force beginning with the session 1929-30. Carried.

3. Motion: "Amendments to the Women's Athletic Association Act": That the following be inserted as (d) of Sub-section 5 of Sec. VI:

"5. (d) The managers of the senior hockey and basketball may be awarded eight-inch 'A's' together with a green felt 'M' on the bar." Lost.

4. Motion: That David Sigler be appointed Director of the 1930-31 Handbook under the terms agreed upon by the Council at its meeting of March 3rd. Carried.

5. Motion: That Harry Lister be paid \$10.00 fee for janitor services. Carried.

6. Motion: That all expenses connected with the Disciplinary Committees be chargeable to Students' Union Administrative Fund. Carried.

7. Motion: (a) That the bursar be requested to collect, in future years, a \$5.00 Athletic Fee from all members of the Students' Union.

(b) That payment of this fee entitle the member to attendance at all Students' Union athletic events.

(c) That arrangements be made for refunding this fee to any members of the Union who do not wish to pay it—the final date of refunding to be set by the Council from year to year. Carried.

8. Motion: That Mr. Adshead of the General Office of the University be appointed Special Accountant to the Students' Union, his duties to commence April 9th, 1930, and terminate upon one month's notice being given by either party, salary to be \$25.00 per month. Carried.

9. Motion: That the sum of \$17.00 granted to the Swimming Club by Motion 3 of New Business of the Council minutes of February 28th, be raised to \$25.00, this being the sum paid in as fees by the individual members. Carried.

10. Motion: That the following be awarded Executive "A" pins:

Miss Elsie Young,
Miss Anna Wilson,
Max Wershof,
Herbert Hutton,
W. Earl Bowser,
Donald Cameron,
Reg. Hamilton,
Fritz Werthenbach.
Carried.

11. Motion: That the 6th Year Medical students be granted a poll at the University Hospital for the Students' Union Elections, March 19th.

(d) Adjournment:
Motion: That the meeting adjourn to meet Monday, March 24th, in the Lounge of Athabasca Hall, at 7:00 p.m. Carried.

AL HARDING, Secretary.
DON CAMERON, President.

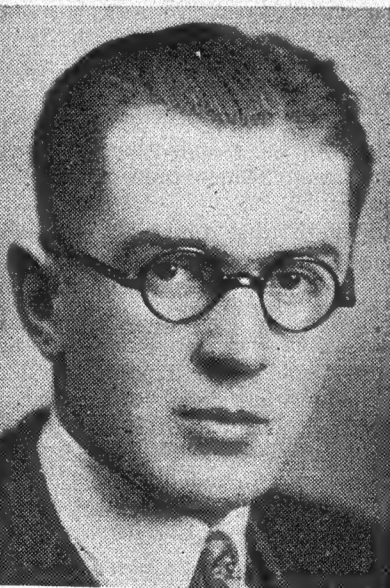
PRESIDENT WOMEN'S ATHLETICS



ETHEL BARNETT

Who was elected yesterday to the presidency of the Women's Athletic Association. Ethel has distinguished herself on the track and on the basketball floor on many occasions.

PRESIDENT NEW COUNCIL



AL HARDING

Who, as a result of yesterday's elections, will be the chief administrative of student government during the session 1930-31.

Al Harding's Message

I wish to take this opportunity to thank those who supported me in the recent elections, and hope that during the coming year I may warrant that expression of confidence.

May I request the heartiest co-operation between students and Council to facilitate the solution of all student problems that may arise?

AL HARDING.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Mr. Alden Harding:

Congratulations. I wish you every success in the office which I have had the pleasure and honour of contesting with you.

At no time could it be more fitting than now for me to assure the public, whose confidence in you has recently been overwhelmingly demonstrated, that in my several disputes with the Council during this last term I have always been given cause to consider you among the most tolerant and most able of its members.

I am confident that your term of office will be a success. You may count me among those who will endeavour earnestly in the coming year to help you to make it so.

Sincerely yours,
KENNETH W. CONIBEAR.

JOTTINGS

Owing to a conflict of dates, it has been found necessary to change the date of the S.C.M. annual meeting from that previously announced. That meeting will be held on Friday, March 21, at 4:30 in A212. The principal business will be the election of officers for the coming year; nominations will be posted on the notice boards.

On Saturday night of this week the Juniors and Seniors will hold away in Pembina. The occasion is that of the annual revel—the Pembina Dance. It is to be a gay time devoted to dancing—each maiden having duly invited a young man. The sitting-room and rotunda are dedicated to their use for the occasion, and the day is awaited by all with keen anticipation. All other Pembinites, their presence not being requested, will desert the building entirely—partly owing to the penetrating quality of the drums in the orchestra.

The Commerce Club will hold a luncheon in St. Joseph's College Friday, March 21, at 12:45. The speaker will be Mr. Giffen, of the Edmonton Journal, who will discuss "Truth in Advertising." Tickets 50c, obtained at the door.

At the final meeting of the Chemical Society (Wednesday, March 26, at 4:30 in Med. 136) the speaker will be Mr. M. J. Hilton, science teacher at the Edmonton Technical School. A cordial invitation to be present is extended to everybody interested.

CONVOCAION ISSUE

This is the last of the twenty regular issues published by The Gateway during the session.

A special Convocation Issue will appear on May 15th, and will contain full examination results in addition to the report of the President of the Students' Union, and current news. Lists of all students entitled to The Gateway will be posted in the Arts and Medical Buildings before April 1st, and all students wishing to receive a copy of the Convocation Issue are asked to write on one of these lists the address to which they wish their copy mailed.

Harding Elected President By Overwhelming Majority

Common Predictions Regarding Council Elections Verified—Very Substantial Majorities Obtained by Nearly all Candidates—Strong Administrative is General Opinion

As a result of the elections held yesterday the following became Council members for the session 1930-31: Al Harding: President.
W. Roxburgh: Secretary.
S. V. Allen: Treasurer.
Ethel Barnett: President Women's Athletics.

Helen Mahaffy: Secretary Women's Athletics.

Ruth Cushing: President Wauneitas.

Hugh B. Wilson: Agriculture Representative.

As a result of these same elections, the elected members of the Disciplinary Committee for the session will be: David Sigler, Alan Carscallen, Harry A. Banks.

The Secretary-Treasurer of the Wauneitas, as a result of the same elections, will be Mary A. Smith.

Substantial Majorities

Very substantial majorities were obtained by the successful candidates in all positions but that of President of the Wauneitas; but even here the majority was large enough to be convincing.

FRENCH CONCERT CONVOCAION HALL

Noted Edmonton Artists to Appear in Fine Musical Programme

The following is the program of a concert to be presented by the French Club in Convocation Hall next Monday, March 24, at 4:30 p.m.:

1. O Canada.
2. Première Arabesque (Debussy) Mrs. O. J. Walker
3. Les Minstrels (Debussy) Mrs. O. J. Walker
4. Elégie (Massenet) Mlle Charlotte Barry
5. Au clair de la lune (Cavello) Mlle Charlotte Barry
6. Réverie du Prince Charmant (R. Hahn) Jean Knudson
7. Les Jeux d'eau (Ravel) Jean Knudson
8. Selection pour violon Mlle Olive Brosseau
9. Selection pour violon Mlle Olive Brosseau
10. En automne, Etude de concert (C. Chaminade) Mrs. O. J. Walker
11. J'ai pleuré en rêve (G. Hue) Mme. Boissonneault
12. Nuages (Alex. Georges) Mme. Boissonneault
13. Le soir descend sur la tranchée (Maurice Imbert) Miss Naomi Goldman
14. Sherzo-Valse (Chabrier) Miss Naomi Goldman
15. Concerstück (C. Chaminade) Miss Sadie Chmelinsky, Mme. Le Saunier (au second piano).
16. Dieu protège le Roi!

PROCESS TO REFINER MCMURRAY OIL SAND

Alberta University Professors Develop Important Separation Process

As the result of experiments covering a period of ten years, Dr. K. A. Clark, of the Research Council of Alberta, and of the faculty of the U. of A., has announced a successful process for the separation of a dry oil from the McMurray tar sands. This development promises to be of extreme importance to the province and to the oil industry.

The new process provides for the removal of water and sand from the oil contained in the Fort McMurray beds. Heretofore, the oil obtained has included 25 per cent. water and 5 per cent. sand. A special method of separation developed by Dr. Clark with the aid of Dr. D. S. Pasternack, also of the U. of A., enables almost complete elimination of these major impurities from the oil. The crude product may then be put through a suitable refinery and "cracked" for various purposes—asphalt preparation, gasoline, etc.—and may also be used for road-surfacing.

Machinery is now being manufactured in Edmonton for the purpose of utilizing the new process. April 1, the necessary equipment will be shipped to McMurray, Dr. Clark accompanying it to supervise installation. Technical data will be collected at the separation plant by Dr. Pasternack, while J. A. Sutherland will be responsible for construction and operation.

Experiments yielding the above result were made at the instigation of the Alberta Research Council, working in conjunction with the federal department of mines. Development of the oil-extraction industry at McMurray will have far-reaching effects on the prosperity of Alberta.

In two cases the majorities obtained might be termed overwhelming, namely, for the offices of President and Treasurer, Al. Harding winning for the former over Ken. Conibear by 1,118 to 389 points. A large vote was recorded for all positions.

Acclamations

Elected by acclamation in the nominations of the previous week were:

For the Council

Vice-President: Kae Campbell.
Pres. Men's Athletics: W. S. Nelson Gourlay.
Secretary Men's Athletics: Clarence Cook.
President Debating Society: E. L. Gibbs.
President Dramatic Society: Chris. Jackson.
Rep. Applied Science: Louis Whitehorn.
Representative of Law: D. Sigler.
Arts Representative: A. Carscallen.
Medical Representative: R. K. Thomson.

Chairman Social Directorate

J. W. Bridge.
It is felt that the confidence expressed in all those elected gives promise of a particularly strong administrative for next session.

WAUNEITA BANQUET FESTIVE OCCASION

Mrs. R. C. Wallace Responds to "Toast to the University"— Good Program

On Wednesday evening, in Athabasca Hall, the Wauneitas once again officially assembled—this time on the occasion of their Annual Banquet.

An excellent attendance of members rewarded the efforts of the Wauneita Executive; and, a delightfully congenial spirit pervaded the hall as the banqueters enjoyed the delicious turkey dinner.

Soft light from slender yellow candles set aglow the long tables, which reflected all the freshness of spring in the yellow and green streamers and golden daffodils chosen for their decoration. The usual tribal atmosphere was created by the presence of an Indian head on the programme.

Miss Jessie Montgomery was toastmistress of the evening. The "Toast to the Alumnae" was proposed by Miss Jean Black and responded to by Miss Helen McQueen. This was followed by a piano solo by Miss Rita Rushworth. The "Toast to the University" was proposed by Miss Anna Wilson and responded to by Mrs. R. C. Wallace.

"To the Wives of the Members of the Faculty" was proposed by Miss Mary Lehmann, and Mrs. Sheldon responded. A vocal solo was rendered by Miss Margaret Shanks, followed by a "Toast to the Lady Members of the Faculty," which Miss Gwen Mullett proposed, and to which Miss Mabel Patrick replied.

The programme was again varied by an entertaining dance. Those performing were Miss Margaret Richardson, Miss Lukie Walters, Miss Elizabeth Mackenzie, Miss Anna Robertson, Miss Kathleen Campbell, and Miss Dorothy Brown. The evening's programme closed with a "Toast to the Seniors", proposed by Ruth Cushing, and responded to by Grace Duggan.

ARCHAEOLOGIST GIVES LECTURE ON METHODS

"Archaeology is the science of uncovering the past." This was the theme of a talk given by Mr. James M. Menzies, archaeologist from China, at the University this morning. Mr. Menzies has worked in China, Palestine, Mesopotamia and India principally, and has many interesting specimens.

Common-sense plus the application of nearly every known science is necessary. Under modern methods every site is carefully surveyed by transit and level, laid out in squares, and mapped, so that excavated objects may be exactly located. Anthropology is of value in the investigation of bodies found in tombs. Furthermore, every stage of work and every specimen is carefully photographed.

The aeroplane has been of great value in the discovery of sites, as air photographs show up features invisible from the ground. A great deal of archaeological work depends upon pottery, and this changes rapidly from period to period, and is comparatively indestructible. Whole specimens are rare, but the small fragments are pieced together, though this method is comparatively recent. The expenses of work are very high, especially if the work is scientifically treated.

After the lecture a number of interesting specimens were shown.



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper Published Weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta

Gateway Office: Room 102 Arts Building. Phone 32026

Editor-in-Chief Kenneth W. Conibear
Associate Editor Lawrence L. Alexander
Managing Editor Wilbur F. Bowker
News Editor G. Noel Iles
Sports Editor Malcolm Butler
Women's Editor Mabel R. Conibear
Exchange Editor H. Mary Ross
Casseroles Editor Roger McKee

Business Staff

Business Manager Hugh B. Wilson
Advertising Manager Duncan Marshall
Circulation Manager Cecil Hewson

THE RETIRING COUNCIL

With the retiring council The Gateway has had many differences. This all our readers will acknowledge; the unfortunate thing is that they probably do not realize that on the whole there has been a harmony and co-ordination throughout the year between ourselves and the Council. Stan Barker, Junior Prom Tickets, Honoraria, Ticket Sales Campaigns—these are the more outstanding issues upon which we have differed with the policy followed by the Council. Sometimes the difference has proceeded from a lack of understanding on our part, sometimes from an over-hasty action of an over-busy Council, and frequently from a divergence of interests and viewpoint. We do not wish to resurrect dead issues; it is sufficient to admit that with regard to some of them we were not free from error, to maintain that with regard to others we have not yet seen reason to change our opinions, and to indicate that many of these differences appear to have been inevitable.

But whatever criticism we may have levelled against the Council of 1929-30 for particular items of its legislation and administration, we willingly agree that on the whole it has fulfilled its functions very capably. On another page, by another hand, may be found mention of the achievements of this year's Council. Correct in so far as it goes, may we point out that this record has the fault common to all analyses, that it tends by aggregation of details to diminish the value of the whole considered as a whole? The fine work of the retiring Council, as the work of any other, is not so much to be measured in terms of isolated acts as it is to be evidenced in the general aspect which student organization has maintained throughout the year. That general aspect, as we gaze at it in retrospect, is refreshing.

Editorially commenting for the last time upon the operations of the retiring Council, we feel that we cannot do better than to quote from the message given by its president in The Gateway a year ago almost to the day: "Do not look for the change of constitution to solve all Students' Union difficulties in one year at least; because it will not; it may, on the other hand, appear to add to them for a time, but eventually through a process of readjustment we shall get our Union affairs on a more sound and business-like basis than they have been in the past."

THE GATEWAY

What an opportunity presents itself for one last splurge of high-sounding Latin! Surely editor never had his readers more at his mercy than we now, retiring, with the certainty that our sole remaining issue will have no space for correspondence and criticism, and the assurance of experience that when we once return to this scene of battle the rains of torrid summer and the winds of golden autumn shall have washed and wafted away those ices and indignations which arouse every -orum, and to which incite each -abantur. The first editorial we penned contained its medium of Latin, and the last—*mali principii malus finis*.

That, patient reader, is the last of the vernacular of Virgil and Cicero with which we shall offend you here. And we are not less thankful to cease from the thumbing of our "Thesaurus" than you are to be promised the end of the fruits thereof. We have embellished this column and other parts of your paper with quotations drawn from the ancient classics, not because it is easy or pleasing to us to do so, but because it has been one of our main endeavours in the control of the policy of this rag to avoid the commonplace. Latin, however ordinary it may once have been, is no longer banal—and now that the feline has been thus disprisoned from the coal-sack, we may justify our use of the hated lingo of the ancient Dagoes on the grounds that that use has made our paper unique among the university papers of Canada.

With a full knowledge of the dangers of the proceeding we made up our minds when we took charge of this, your, paper last autumn, that our every energy would be bent to avoid the commonplace and the ordinary. We had observed that it was the common fault of all the college papers with which we had studied to become acquainted that they were much of a sameness. The words differed from year to year and from paper to paper, but the subjects varied not at all, and the style was always the same. We observed that The Gateway was least of all guilty of the use of worn, tedious, hackneyed, ordinary, and commonplace substances and modes of thought. We concluded that in making this observation we had discovered the peculiar genius of The Gateway spirit. We determined, therefore, to accentuate this happy peculiarity; we determined to make The Gateway unique among its kind. We proceeded so to do in complete awareness that we ran the risk of making the thing ridiculous; we relied upon our own good sense and considerable experience to protect our readers' paper from that fate. We also perfectly well understood that in pursuing the unusual we were bound to be heavily criticized; we relied upon the good sense of our readers and their trust in us not to make that criticism more loud-voiced than it might be helpful. Modestly on the one hand, and gratefully on the other, we say now that we consider our reliance in both cases to have been well placed.

Our first editorial struck the note of our policy, and was followed by action suitable to the word. Among those things which we have welcomed as distinctive and unusual are the "Songs of a Lover," the "Short Stories from the Bible," the cartoon series of



Sandy McTavish was born in this country—to save the expense of the trip.

"What is your greatest wish?" asked the romantic lady of the youth who was just about to take his final examinations in medicine.

"My greatest wish," said the practical youth, "is to put 'Dr.' before my own name and 'Dr.' after the names of other people."

One of the questions in an examination on the subject of stock raising was: "Name four different kinds of sheep?"

An aspiring youth gave this for his answer: "Black sheep, white sheep, Mary's little lamb, and the hydraulic ram."

"Sir," said the young man with enthusiasm as he seized the lecturer's hand and shook it warmly, "I certainly enjoyed your lecture last night very much."

"I am glad to hear that," said the lecturer, "but I didn't see you there."

"No," admitted the youth, "I wasn't there."

"But," said the puzzled speaker, "how could you enjoy my lecture if you were not present?"

"Oh, I bought tickets for my girl's parents and they both went."

Tight. Why that guy is so tight that he takes long steps to save shoe leather.

Where's the fellow who can wind the watches of the night?

Some women are like spaghetti—when you think you've got 'em, they slip away.

"Next stop is your station," said the Pullman porter. "Shall I brush you off now?"

"No," said the passenger. "When the train stops, I'll step off."

He put his arms around her, On her lips he planted a kiss.

"I've sipped from many a cup," quoth he— "But never from a mug like this."

Why, that fellow is so lazy that he rides in a flivver to save effort in knocking ashes off his cigar.

"But I am so unworthy of you, dear," he said, as he held her close to him.

"Oh, Fred," she sighed, "if you and father only agreed on every other point the way you do on that, how happy we should be."

A bow-legged girl may be healthy, but she's in bad shape.

Take the predicament of the bashful bridegroom who was called upon to make a speech at the wedding breakfast. Placing his hand on the bride's shoulder he stammered these opening (and closing) remarks: "This—er—this thing has been thrust upon me."

Don't forget that cranks even are sometimes needed to get things going.

He was so thin that when he drank grape juice people mistook him for a thermometer.

Hom: "My girl got Austria the other night on her new five tube radio."

Jerry: "That's nothing. My girl gets Hungary every night without any radio."

Repairman: "You say your car rattles, eh?" Owner: "Rattles. Why it sounds like a skeleton having a congestive chill on a tin roof."

White Mule Speed "Shay, Bill, I wancha drive more careful. Firs' 'hing y'know you'll have us in a ditch."

To this the astonished Bill replied: "Why, shay, I thought you was driving."

"The Gateway's Great Ones," the elaborate and ornate feature articles of P.E.W., a multitude of nondescript poems, and the flurry of features on "Twittering." For all of these we have been often censured, and at least as often praised. We have found that those characteristics of the paper which from some quarters have received the severest condemnation have from others been given the most liberal endorsement. We have consequently been forced in the selecting of material to rely largely upon our own tastes and judgment. So doing we have tried to select what will be read, whether with approval or disapprobation.

We have made mistakes. Now and again it has unfortunately been necessary for us to devote a certain amount of time to curricular pursuits; we have therefore not always had leisure to put the care into our investigations, the polish into our writings, and the fear of the "Chief" into our feature writers that we might have had we not come here primarily in search of a degree and its tag-rags. Also we must plead the fallibility of flesh rather than the failure of time for many of the sins of omission and commission which have proceeded from our pen and our authority. Sometimes we have been visited with plain and simple dumbness—for which may be called to witness the formation of the phrase, twice used, "Pro Verba Nostra," on the more or less phonetic analogy of "Pro Vita Sua." Such an example illustrates but the least of our peccadilloes. Others we have attempted to rectify from time to time as they have occurred; we can only hope that, if elsewhere we have failed, here at least we have been successful.

May we close with a note of gratitude to the student body which has given us this rich opportunity for self-expression and this large privilege of responsibility, and which has received our feeble attempts at expression, and our limited efforts at judgment, with a patience and a generosity which it has been our happiness more to appreciate from issue to issue?

THE ADVANTAGES OF TRAVEL

Being Remarks on the Students' Tour to Europe Arranged by the N.F.C.U.S. for the 1930 Holidays

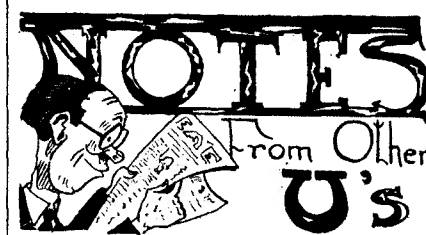
Sir Robert Falconer, in a recent address, stated that he felt impelled to remark upon the place travel occupies in the education of the modern world. Travel has always held a lure for a very large number of people, but unfortunately only the well-to-do and leisure class were able to make their dreams a reality. Of recent years, however, there has been a gradual reduction in the cost of ocean and rail transportation, and this, coupled with the favorable rate of exchange in France and Italy, has made it possible for more and more people to travel abroad.

The students of our universities and high schools have been quick to take advantage of these reduced fares and have been most anxious to complete their education by a trip to Europe. The British Isles and the Continent are so rich in point of historical and educational interest that they offer an exceptional opportunity to "round off" scholastic achievements secured at home.

The National Federation of Canadian University Students is, as its name implies, a Dominion-wide organization of Federated University Students' organizations, and through its efforts a Students' Tour to Europe has been planned and brought within the financial reach of most students.

It will readily be seen that the cost of \$424.25 has been kept at a minimum when it is considered that five countries will be visited, namely, Scotland, England, Holland, Belgium and France and that the total length of the trip is 43 days.

All indications point to the fact that the Tour will be a complete success, as inquiries are coming in from everywhere in the Dominion. Choice of berths will be allotted in order of receipt of applications, and it is



Train Exams for Athletes (McGill Daily)

Speeding on its way toward Kingston this morning the International Limited bears the University of Western Ontario basketball team, three members of which will write one of their final mid-term examinations on board the train, under the supervision of Coach Lang. These players arrived in Montreal yesterday morning bearing the marks of a sleepless night and with their text books tucked conveniently under their arms.

In explaining this unusual procedure, J. A. Horton, manager of the Western squad, said that unlike most universities, the London institute holds its final mid-term examinations a month after Christmas. Basketball is a *snior* sport at Western, so the team is fulfilling its schedule including a game at Queen's tonight in spite of exam. requirements.

The average standing of girl students at Indiana University is said to be 25 per cent. higher than that of the men.

Sense of Humor? (McGill Daily)

Whether or not McGill students are lacking in a sense of humor, will be disputed by Arts interclass debaters when they meet in the final clash of the contest on March 19th. The affirmative side of the debate will be taken by Ted Johnson and Lionel Rubin, of fourth year, and they will have as opposition Charles Sturdee and Arthur Marshall, of the freshman class.

The debate will be only a small part of the program planned for the gathering in March. The Arts men will meet in the Ballroom of the Union in the evening, and free smokes will be provided. Musical numbers and matters involving the amending of the constitution of the Arts Undergraduate Society will be among the items.

Though as yet unofficial, it is not unlikely that hot dogs will again be provided at the smoker with coffee as an accessory.

THE LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

The Literary Supplement to The Gateway for the session 1929-30 is expected to be off the press next Wednesday. Various rumours, solicitations, prophecies, warnings and alarms concerning this progeny of dilettantism will thereby be upheld, fulfilled, justified, substantiated, and executed. Further than this we shall let the book—and its editors—speak for itself, in words which he who runs may hear.

I wish to thank all contributors to this magazine—may their literary genius through this encouragement be inspired to yet greater things. I wish also particularly to thank the editors, Mabel R. Conibear and Percy A. Field, who, giving without stint to their time and energy, have relieved me almost entirely of the extra work entailed in such a supplement, and who have, it is my opinion, more than justified the high confidence I had in them.

KENNETH W. CONIBEAR.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

New York City (I.P.) — When Louis Goldstein, of Brooklyn, filed a petition in City Court in Brooklyn recently, asking to change his name to Golding, on the grounds that "Goldstein" is not euphonious and is un-American, he probably thought he'd made a big hit with the Anglo-Saxon judge.

Unfortunately for the Brooklyn man, however, his petition came before City Court Justice Louis Goldstein.

"You're trying to hide the fact that you're a Jew," Judge Goldstein told petitioner Goldstein in effect, "and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Get out!"

PHONE 4768

R. H. HOUSTON

Dispensing Optician

Special attention to Students

10135 101st St. Edmonton (Opposite Rialto Theatre)

FOR TAXI PHONE 4444

SPRING HAS ARRIVED!

at least at the

Walk-Rite Style Shoppe

DRESSES, COATS, MILLINERY, HOSIERY,

FOOTWEAR

All the newest styles and materials and all priced economically

Shop the Modern Way! Buy on the 12-PAY PLAN. A small deposit and the rest in 12 easy weekly or monthly payments.

WALK-RITE Style Shoppe

Phone 1442.

Dr. Wm. E. Gladstone, Chiroprapist

Correct Answer:

'CAUSE IT WAS UNDER THE ROWAN

Best Answer received:

'CAUSE IT WAS BLOOMING EARLY

Winner: Mrs. H. W. Hewetson, Edmonton

Sun Life Assurance

COMPANY OF CANADA
320 Empire Block
Edmonton

JACK MARSHALL
Representative
Phone 1564

TEAS SERVED DAILY



The Macdonald
Hotel

IN THE LOUNGE
40 CENTS

THE BEST

VARSITY TUCK SHOP IN CANADA

THE

Rainbow Room

THE IDEAL PLACE FOR BANQUETS

GATEWAY CRITIQUE

By H. De Savoye

The Editor of The Gateway wished, for his last issue, to offer something unusual. He scratched his head for a long time, and finally the most extraordinary idea that could have come to an Editor of The Gateway occurred to him: have a French teacher write a criticism on his paper.

In order to obtain a sane view of a thing, it is necessary to look at it from outside and from a distance. Therefore the Editor thought that a Frenchman who does not mix with the ordinary activities of life, who is, at the same time, a foreigner and a kind of stranger in this world, would fill the double requirements of a perfect critic. How interesting it would be to read the opinion of a "frog eater" on the newspaper of a Western University!

Unfortunately the present writer is quite certain that, although born in France of French lineage, he does not possess any of the qualities of his countrymen,—only perhaps their defects. His judgment will then altogether lack the Parisian perfume and, on the contrary present the rather austere views of a soul freshly issued from some mysterious nationality.

Let us, first, glance at the Editor's programme, as stated in his first editorial. He promised to reject from his paper:

1. All banalities and inanities.
2. Anything of a libellous or obscene character.

How did he fulfill the first part of his programme? By allowing his associates to fill half of the paper with those banalities which he had promised to keep out: the Sow's ear, etc.

It seems that this kind of literature can be copiously found in hundreds of third-class magazines by those who delight in it, and that the columns of a University paper should be reserved to more elevating, more educational material.

As for libels and obscenities, the Editor's character is of too high a standard to permit anything of that kind slipping into his columns. He has even made a bold demonstration against posters of an irreverent character. He has launched a still bolder attack against the girls smoking. And then he reached the climax of courage in saying in his last editorial: "To us the sight of anyone smoking anywhere is distinctly revolting."

Of course "anyone" includes the male sex, and it certainly requires "guts" to utter such a statement in the face of one's fellow-students.

But, in his turn, the Editor has been subjected to blame. Firstly about an advertisement for cigarettes which displayed a beautiful girl smoking. In good logic, since the Editor condemns girls smoking, this advertisement should have been banned.

Moreover, I believe that all advertisements for tobacco should be excluded from decent newspapers. They are unnecessary from the customer's point of view, as the smokers know where to buy their poison; and the manufacturer's point of view is not interesting at all.

By the way, I have also noticed an advertisement from the Macdonald Hotel reading thus: "Teas served daily in the lounge, 40c." Should the University newspaper induce the students to go and spend their afternoons drinking tea in the lounge of the Macdonald Hotel?

The most bitter criticism raised against the Editor was on the subject of Chess, which he had likened to a dead University course, Chem. 52 for example. The next issue of The Gateway was filled with letters of protest, one of them signed by some 150 students.

The reasoning of the angry ones was simple: the Editor says that Chem. 52 is a dead course. Now, neither chemistry as a science nor the lecturer in Chem. 52 are dead. Therefore the Editor is crazy.

But the fact that the Editor is not crazy should rather have been introduced into the premises, and then the question would have been: What does the Editor mean?

It must be admitted that that particular sentence of the editorial was not written carefully; but we must understand that a student has not the practice necessary to write careful editorials in a hurry, as an editor of The Gateway has to do.

Then let us look for the thought buried in the long sentence of the editorial. The selection of chemistry for comparison with chess is right, right also is the qualitative "dead" applied to both, provided one gives it the appropriate meaning.

From the point of view of those sitting in the next room, a lecture in chemistry is certainly quite dead, as one does not hear any applause, nor the resounding voice of the professor declaiming a dramatic passage, nor the tumultuous crowd of students answering questions in a group. It is just as dead as a room filled with chess players.

But as the consciousness cannot be focussed on two planes at a time, the more dead the physical, the more alive the intellectual. Therefore, to say that a class room is physically dead means that the minds there are working intensively. The conditions apply to a chess club, and I take the qualitative used by the Editor as a praise to both.

It seems, however, that the Editor, instead of intending for the qualitative "dead" the meaning of "silent," rather meant by it "not interesting." But three lines above, in the same sentence, he had said, in speaking of chess: "Boring to those who, when not students..." Therefore the same restriction "when not students" applies to chemistry which, of course, is dead to those not interested in it, like anything is dead to one who does not care.

Therefore it is certain that there was no bad intention on the part of the Editor. But the work of managing a newspaper is too heavy for a student who wishes to be fair to his studies at the same time. He cannot give to his editorials the careful attention of a professional: slips of his pen must be excused.

To sum up, the general spirit that has presided in the editing of The Gateway this year is fully worthy of praise.

Of course, from my own point of view, the paper was far from being perfect; out of six and sometimes eight pages there was often little worth reading. Beside discounting the banalities, there were display ads of a terrific size.

I will close by congratulating the Editor also for his first editorial on

Songs of a Lover

No. 9—SONNET: "DOES THIS OFFEND—?"

Does this offend thy chaste demurity,
Who art my sweet disciple and my guide,
That deeply I drink of thy purity,
With ceaseless gaze, when thou art near my side?

Shall I thy tender pardon, sweetheart, pray,
That as the flower the sun's diurnal race
Unswerving follows, so mine eyes relay
With ceaseless stare the glories of thy face?

When first I saw thee, fair in modesty,
When first mine eyes thy coy grace found, long sought,
They could not therefrom turn—I could not be
As I had been, nor teach what I had taught.

Forgive mine eyes their pure entrancement, dear;
I love thee—life is now, to have thee near!

YOUR ?

BLACK LIST

Following out the threat (or promise) made in the sixth issue of The Gateway, last November, we are printing herewith a list of the various "noms de plume" employed by Gateway writers since the seventh issue of the current term. The pen-names appear in alphabetical order, and are in each case followed by the actual name of the writer. When one writer used more than one assumed name (and there were many such—we wonder just why?) each assumed name appears in its alphabetical place in the list.

Well, here you are, we hope the consequences are not too awful. Please don't say we didn't tell you anyway.

LAWRENCE ALEXANDER,
Associate Editor, in charge of features.

A.A.—Arthur Allen.
A.—Arthur Allen; Lawrence Alexander.

Aeroperimeter—Felp Priestley.
Alberta—Cecilia Salt.
A.M.C.—Bert Cairns.
Ariadne—Rita Rushworth.
Authenticus—Prof. W. H. Alexander.

B.H.—Betty Harvie.

C.—Mabel Conibear.
Cake-See—Phyllis Collier.
Captain Z.—Bert Cairns.
Cyclops—Rita Rushworth.

D.C.F.—Don Fleming.
Don Bee—Don MacKenzie.
D.S.—Dave Sigler.
Dulcy—Eleanor Luxton.

E.C.E.—Esther Elford.
E.M.J.—Emrys M. Jones.
E.P.Y.—Elsie Park Young.
Eyewash—Betty Harvie.

F.—Felp Priestley.
Freshman 1001—J. N. Lambley.

G.C.H.—George Hamilton.

H.D.S.—Herb Surplus.
H.S.—Helen Smith.

J.B.—Jean Blewett.
Jeff—Jean Stevenson.
Jill—Phyllis Weston.

K.—Kenneth W. Conibear.
KaCy—Phyllis Collier.
K.A.T.—Karl Tobiasson.

L.L.A.—Lawrence L. Alexander.

M.—Mabel Conibear.
Mac Aroni—Zella Oliver.
Mobi—Carl Clement.
Mugwump—Percy Field.
Mupipitau—Pat Terrill.

Noel—Noel Iles.

O.R.W.—O. R. Wray.

P.D.H.—Percy D. Huxley.
Peake—Pete Keyser.
Pekay—Phyllis Collier.
Percival Hodnut—Noel Iles.
P.E.W.—Phyllis Weston.
P.W.—Phyllis Weston.

R.J.M.—Bob Mulligan.
R.R.—Rita Rushworth.

S.I.M.—Margaret MacIvor.
Simba—Percy Field.
S.I.M.(P.)—Margaret MacIvor.
Simp—Margaret MacIvor.
Spocs—Jean Stevenson.

The Professor—Noel Iles.
The Ram—Roger A. McKee.
The Skipper—Lloyd Reynolds.
The Watchman of Aterba—Harold Tarver.

U. Wood—Margaret McIvor.

Vacuum—Lawrence L. Alexander.
W.E.K.—W. E. King.
Whooplit—Percy Field.
Wonga—Lloyd Reynolds.

X.—Lawrence L. Alexander.

Your?—Kenneth W. Conibear.

Zola—Jean Stevenson.

the S.C.M. He wished the Students' Christian Movement to be restricted to a high philosophy of life, hovering above all denominational societies.

He has rightly stated that "the principles of religion appeal more strongly than almost any other human interest to all hearts"; but, as he added so wisely, only "to hearts not frightened by dogmatism or deadened by atheism."

I shall not add anything to these last words, as they express the final religion that the whole of humanity shall reach some day. And these words alone would amply justify me for saying that Mr. Kenneth W. Conibear has been a worthy editor of The Gateway.

The PIG'S EYE



The "17th" is once more a memory, fragrant with the aroma of Burke's "Irish" and Guinness's elixir. Certain dailies affected color by publishing sketches of what they fondly believed to be Irishmen in festive attire, blissfully ignorant of the fact that on such individuals ever existed outside of vaudeville. Some prominent men of Irish descent (a rapid one) made speeches which began with a Pat and Mike joke and wound up with a sob poem. But it was all in good fun. And in the meantime the Irish themselves went about quietly, reflecting on what funny people the Saxons are.

St. Patrick's Day is of course not of great importance to Canadians. There is no reason why it should be any more than Burns' birthday or St. George's Day. To the Irish living in Canada it is significant in that it recalls rather vividly the homeland and the kith and kin who are still there. In the Free State it is a national holiday more because the Irish hate work than anything else. It has no political significance for the great struggle for Irish independence was neither started nor ended on that day. The Ulstermen attach much greater importance to the 12th of July. We recall with some pride a "12th" spent in Toronto when some seven thousand Orangemen paraded in honor of William the Protestant. Toronto in some ways is more Irish than Belfast.

And here we might remark that Irishmen of all political stripes are much more thankful for the recent victories of their countrymen than for any fading memories of either Boyne or Limerick; victories not gained by sword or cannon, but by the steady courage which all economic struggles demand. Irishmen, north and south, are building up what centuries of oppression and hatred destroyed. The most of the damage, unfortunately, was done by Irishmen fighting Irishmen. They are now standing shoulder to shoulder in their effort to make Ireland free economically as well as politically. The task is by no means completed, though it is well begun. When Irish trade is restored, when the goods of Ulster are free to enter Southern Ireland and those of the Free State to Ulster, when from Belfast to Cork Ireland is one economic whole and we trust, a political unity as well, there will be occasion for a real holiday. God speed the day!

It is incumbent upon us, it seems, to leave some parting blessing for the long-suffering who have perused this column from time to time, an unofficial valedictory as it were. We are somewhat reluctant, however.

(Continued on Page 6)

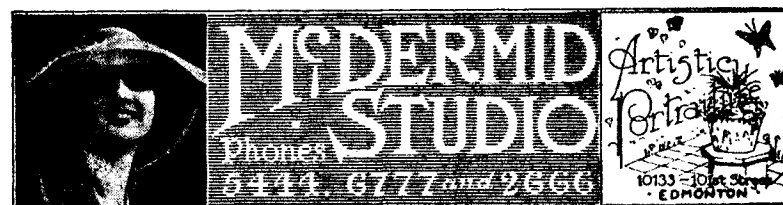
Graduation Gowns

PRICED FROM
\$25.50

Soon you will be thinking of your graduation frock—when you do, think of Romer's—for there you will find a style to suit your every whim—from the daintiest, fluffiest, little thing of lace and tulle to the severest tailored model—No Two Alike, of course!

Romer
GOWNS

"NO TWO ALIKE"

10243 JASPER AVE.
(Opposite Hudson's Bay Co.)

JOHNSON'S—The Leading CAFE

Corner 101st and Jasper Avenue

TO MAKE THE PARTY
A SUCCESS

The clever hostess seeks to offer her guests something new and unexpected in the way of refreshments.

For her assistance we have planned and prepared many delicious novelties in the way of ice cream cakes and unusually pleasing brick combinations—all very moderately priced.

Phone 6157 for Suggestions

WOODLAND DAIRY
LIMITED

EDMONTON

ALBERTA

A Chain of One Price Clothes Shops from Coast to Coast

Good Appearance
at a price you can afford!

Every week hundreds of Canadian men are turning to National Clothes, finding a way of being well dressed which is within their income. National Clothes are within reach of the very moderate salary, yet they have a smartness in appearance which suits selling for many dollars more do not possess. All-wool imported materials—designing by a style department recognized the continent over for its knowledge—workmanship by experienced tailors—these are the things that give National Clothes their good looks and which National sales make it possible to give at such a low figure. Visit our local store today for your clothing requirements.

\$23

ONE PRICE ONLY

National Clothes Shops
LIMITED

10118 JASPER AVE., EDMONTON, ALTA.

PHONE 6472

Spring Suits

\$21.50 TO \$39.00

TOP COATS

\$17.50 TO \$31.50

ANY HAT, \$3.85

All the season's latest models. Savings guaranteed! Every Robinson garment is born with a million dollar label and a money saving price ticket. The label guarantees the saving—the ticket shows it.

Address: 10075 Jasper Ave.

Only One Edmonton Store
Over Monarch Theatre

ROBINSON'S
CLOTHES
Limited

LONG'S
LIMITED
PHOTOGRAPHERS
ARTISTS
ENGRAVERS

Edmonton
Flower Shop

Wm. Slocombe, Mgr.
10223 Jasper Ave. - Edmonton
PHONE 1739

Your orders executed promptly
for every occasion.

PRINCESS

Now Showing
Thursday, Friday, Saturday
George Bancroft in
"The Mighty"

All-Talking—Passed U
George Bancroft surpasses all former
performances in this, his greatest
characterization.

Coming Monday
Will Rogers in
"They Had To See Paris"

All-Talking. Passed U.
Will Rogers at his funniest. Loads of
Laughs—Barrels of Fun—in the
World's Gayest City

IS IT YOUR DANCING?

Are others in your set getting all the attention and popularity at the dances while you lack for partners? Perhaps your dancing is not up to the mark. Why not a few lessons at Sullivan's to modernize your step—make you a fascinating dance partner. Hours arranged to suit your time. Phone 6524.

Sullivan's Academy of Dancing

LaFleche Building

102nd Street



SPORTS



Lethbridge Wins Provincial Championship

Varsity Tie Aces in Second Game Here Monday, But Loses On Round by 14 Points—Both Teams Showed Real Form Monday Night

A goodly crowd of basketball fans saw Varsity and the Lethbridge Aces battle to a 37-37 tie in Varsity gym last Monday night. As the Aces had won the first game in Lethbridge by 14 points, they took the series and

Alberta championship, and are now due to meet the B.C. winners in the Dominion play-downs.

The game, particularly through the first half, was extremely fast and productive of a high grade of basketball. The Varsity boys got through for what should have been sure baskets, but had the toughest kind of luck in finishing their attacks. Although Varsity had considerably the best of the floor play throughout the game, the Aces proved themselves the smarter team in taking advantage of their breaks.

Game Started Fast

Varsity started Keel, Shandro, Pullishy, Fenerty and Carscallen, and the Aces' five faithfuls—Sinclair, Radly, Howard, McKillop and Mitchell—started for Lethbridge. The game started extremely fast with little let-up until half-time. Pullishy scored on the first tip-off play on the opening whistle, without a Lethbridge man touching the ball. He missed on the next play, and passed out to Shandro, who rang in Varsity's second counter from the sidelines. Pullishy passed directly to Sinclair under the Varsity basket, and Scott was not slow in counting for the Aces. Howard made a foul to put the Aces within one point of Varsity. Pullishy scored on a technical foul, and had a basket called off for steps on the next tip-off. Shandro missed a long shot, but scored when Keel tipped the rebound out to him. Sinclair sank one from behind centre, and on the centre tip-off Pullishy's basket was called off for steps. Shandro missed an easy under the basket shot, and Pullishy scored on the pass out, only to have it discounted for steps again. It looked all right from the side lines. Pullishy passed to Keel, who scored from the foul line. McKillop got one of his specials from behind centre floor. The game was extremely fast at this time, Varsity forcing the Aces to take long shots. Shandro got under for another, and Pullishy ringed the hoop only to see it roll out. Sinclair passed to Howard under Varsity's hoop for a field basket. Shandro got right under, but missed an open shot that brought a groan from the crowd. He shot again from the foul line, but missed, and Pullishy came out of a mix-up under the Aces' basket to ring in one of his overhead one-handed hook shots. Pullishy increased his total by one on a free throw. Keel missed a foul shot, and Pullishy dragged in a beauty from the side. Shandro dropped in his first long shot on the next tip-off to put Varsity seven points up. Aces took time out. Shandro missed two in a row from the foul line and got right through on a dribble after splitting the defence, only to miss again.

COME AND SEE OUR

Complete Display

OF

BASEBALL
TENNIS
AND GOLF
EQUIPMENT

SHAW & McMULLEN

SPORTING GOODS

10451 Jasper Ave.

Phone 4427

GARNEAU SHOE REPAIR
EXPERT WORKMANSHIP
REASONABLE PRICES

10928 88th Ave.

On the way to the Car-line

Steen's Drug Store

10912 88th Avenue

(At the Car Line)

KODAKS, FILMS AND
SUPPLIES

Mail your Films to us for
Finishing—Prompt Service

Phone 31456

THE OLD SHELL GAME

Now you see them, now you don't—is like putting your snap-shot photos away in the sideboard drawer, just as they came from the finisher.

Let us sell you an ALBUM to keep them in.
We have them from 50c to \$6.00

COWLES' DRUG STORE

PHONE 32225

SOUTH SIDE, WYTHE AVE.

THE YEAR IN REVIEW

(A Short Summary of the Athletic Activities of the Year, wherein our successes and failures are outlined, and a few suggestions are made.)

With the close of the term at hand, let us recall what the year 1929-30 has accomplished in the realm of athletic activities. A glance at the records of the various events will reveal that we have been unsuccessful in practically every line of sport—that our sister universities to the east and west have shared amongst themselves the Intercollegiate honors. What does this mean? Is athletic endeavour in this University at a low ebb? That seems to be the impression of some few of us. May we suggest, however, that such emphatically is not the case. True, there has been very little interest shown in senior hockey this season, but, apart from hockey, the interest in athletics has been as keen or keener than any year in the history of this institution. Rugby, basketball, and swimming in particular have attracted more real interest than has usually been the case.

Then should we say that this has been a very unsuccessful year? I think not. Let us realize that it is a fine thing to win games, but let us not forget that it is a finer thing to play the games cleanly and to the best of our ability, and if fate so decrees, to lose and to take our losses with a smile. That is the foundation of sport and that is the ideal that we should pass on to those who come after us. Let us turn, then, to a brief review of the activities of the year.

Track

Saskatchewan won the honors in the most successful and closely contested track meet held in years. Alberta won second place. In the ladies' division, Alberta carried off the honors. The individual champions of the meet were Miss Ethel

He took a long shot from the side and missed that one. Bill was away off in his shooting, and was having the toughest kind of luck. Sinclair made good a foul shot, and then got under for two more points. Pullishy missed a foul shot, and Varsity took time out with the score 18-16 in their favor.

Varsity Ahead at Half

The game had been unusually close so far in spite of the pace set by the two teams. Shandro intercepted a pass from Sinclair on resumption of play and dribbled under to score. Howard made one point on a foul shot, and Sinclair picked up a loose ball near centre to ring in a beauty for the last score of the first half, bringing it to 20-19 for Varsity.

Second Half

Pullishy opened the scoring in the second half after about a minute's play. Howard duplicated when he took a bad pass from Fenerty. The Aces began using their bounce pass to work in. A pass to Howard from one end of the floor to the other was good for two points. Shandro missed a technical and then one from inside the foul line, and was taken out in favor of Saddington. The Varsity defense of Fenerty and Carscallen was functioning almost faultlessly in breaking up attacks and collecting rebounds. Carscallen proved a constant thorn in the Aces' side when it came to breaking up plays, and the way the pair of them picked off rebounds was extremely satisfactory, to say the least. Carscallen scored on a foul throw, and was taken out immediately afterwards for personals. McBeth replaced him. Howard tallied on a foul throw, and Sinclair netted one from the foul line. Pullishy looped in a beauty from outside the foul line and netted two more on fouls immediately afterwards. Howard went through when the next tip-off play was intercepted. Pullishy dribbled around and about under the Aces basket finally to score. Mitchell missed a foul and Shandro rang one in from the corner. Radly got one after Sinclair netted a foul shot. Mitchell dropped in a beauty from centre floor. Keel missed two foul shots, and Radly got under for another to put the Aces four points up. Shandro came back with a pretty back-handed flip and added another on a free throw. Pullishy capitalized a free throw to tie up the score 35-35. Sinclair got one of his beauties from behind centre floor. Dunlop, who had replaced McKillop when Bud was chased off for four personals, was injured, but continued after time out had been taken. Shandro made one from right under to end the scoring at 37-37.

IN APPRECIATION

The Gateway wishes to express its appreciation of the work of the following sports reporters who have given their time and effort throughout the year:

Arthur Allen,
Raymond Moran,
James McKenzie,
Leslie Waller,
Robert Skeith,
Walter Hancock,
Wm. Watson,
Arthur McLennan,
Wm. Shandro,
J. McCormick,
J. M. Chant,
W. Hope Hargrave.

Barnett and Harold Wright, both from Alberta.

Tennis

Tennis was favoured with excellent weather last fall, and interest was exceptionally keen. Helen Mahaffy won the ladies' singles championship. In the men's division Hugh Morton defended his title against Ted Manning.

The ladies' doubles was won by Miss Brown and Miss Mahaffy.

The honors in the men's doubles went to MacCallum and Skeith.

Miss Mahaffy and T. Cairns won the mixed doubles.

In the tournament between Alberta and Saskatchewan, the latter won the honors. Most of the matches were well contested, but Saskatchewan played a steadier game and had a decided edge in team play. It is to be hoped that Intercollegiate tennis will continue to hold its place in University sport, and that in future we will see all of the western universities taking part.

Rugby

The showing made by our senior rugby squad was somewhat disappointing this year. It was felt by most of us that the team should have done better than it did. This is not intended as a reflection on the work of Wally Sterling. We are, every one of us, proud of his performance in the services of our University. The failure of the team seems in part to have been attributed to a weak line, which failed to deliver in the pinch. The strength of a rugby team depends, to a great extent, upon the strength of its line. However, although we lost, we were certainly not disgraced. Saskatchewan cleaned up on the prairies, and then was defeated in Vancouver. The B.C. team is to be congratulated for her splendid showing in Intercollegiate rugby. It must be remembered that rugby is a comparatively new sport at the coast.

The Interfaculty rugby league was won by the Ag-Sci representatives. They defeated the Arts-Com-Law team to cop the honors in a brilliantly contested game that was undecided till the last quarter. There is plenty of well-seasoned interfaculty material which can be put to work to good advantage on the senior lineup.

Soccer

Soccer has at last found a berth amongst Varsity sports. We were represented last fall by a senior soccer squad and an interfaculty league. The senior team, competing with Gainers and representatives of the Normal School, turned in a fine record of performances. The interfaculty league ended with the Engineers defeating the Arts to win the championship.

Swimming

The Swimming Club held two meets this year. The first event was between Varsity and the West End, and ended in a victory for the latter.

In the annual interfaculty meet the Sophomores won the honors. The individual champions were Kay McConkey in the ladies' division, and Ted Baker in the men's.

Interest in swimming has increased enormously this year. There were

from sixty to seventy regular members of the Swimming Club. Needless to say, the accommodation at the Y.W.C.A. was insufficient to meet the demands put upon it. It would seem that when additional buildings are erected on the University campus, this need should be kept in mind. Indoor swimming is excellent exercise and can be carried on regardless of weather conditions.

Hockey

The senior hockey team did not do so well this year, as the record of their performance shows. The Intercollegiate title went to Saskatchewan, the latter team winning all its inter-varsity games. The hockey situation, as Mr. Broadfoot pointed out last week, is such that it is imperative that certain changes be made in the near future.

The Med-Dents won the interfaculty hockey league. The standard of interfaculty hockey was very high this year, and with some of these players on the senior team next year, we may look for better results.

Boxing and Wrestling

The Boxing and Wrestling Club staged the finest exhibition seen here in years. Every event was well contested, and indicated that the boys

had taken their training seriously. The boxing match between Brooks and Burke was the feature performance of the evening.

Basketball

The ladies' basketball team had a particularly successful season. They lost to the Grads in the provincial series, but that is no disgrace to any team. On their trip east they won every game played.

The men's team has been playing a fine brand of basketball all season. They lost to Manitoba in a close game for the Intercollegiate title. In the provincial play-off, Varsity was billed to meet the Lethbridge Aces. The Aces won the first game and tied the second, giving them the title.

This year basketball was reorganized within the University. House league basketball was replaced by interfaculty basketball. This rearrangement has proved entirely satisfactory. The representatives of the Agriculture faculty were declared champions this year by reason of their victory over the Meds.

HEATED PACKARD SEDANS

JACK HAY'S TAXI

Phone 2555

FOR TAXI PHONE 4444

SPRING TIME MODES AT THE BLUE BIRD



Adorable new style in dainty lacy straws, trimmed with flattering bows and smart ornaments. All the desired shades and materials.

Prices very moderate. 10% Disc. to Students.

Blue Bird Millinery & Beauty Shoppe

Across from the Bay. 10251 Jasper Ave.

DELICIOUS FLAVOR



VELVET ICE CREAM

ALL THE LUSCIOUS FLAVORS OF SWEET CRUSHED FRUITS SKILFULLY BLENDED WITH RICH CREAM AND SUGAR COMBINE TO GIVE YOU E.C.D. ICE CREAM.

It is wholesome and healthful. Pleases the eye as well as the taste.

AT ALL OUR DEALERS

Edmonton City Dairy, Ltd.

Credit Gladly Extended To All

A courteous welcome to all—just select what you like—make a small payment—take away the garment and pay a little each pay day. Our customers are all smiling, and we smile with them.

New Tweed Coats

A wonderful selection of the finest imported pure wool tweeds in novelty shades of fawns and browns—two weave fabric, giving effect of stripe and check on same coat. These must be seen to be appreciated.

Credit Price Saturday only

\$14.95

100 New Dresses

Just arrived. Rich Crepes, Georgettes and Printed Chiffon, with lace or contrasting collars and cuffs. Graceful Princess lines. Stylish but not extreme.

Credit Price Saturday only

\$7.95

HATS SPRING HATS in endless variety. Straws, felts and combinations. Colors, every new shade for Spring. Credit Price..... \$2.50 to \$10.00

Men's Suits and Top Coats

New weaves—all-wool imported tweeds, worsteds and serges. Hand-tailored to your individual fit. Credit Price..... \$25.00 to \$45.00

THE HOUSE OF PERSONAL SERVICE

New York Outfitters, Ltd.

HARRY FROME, Manager

Jasper Avenue and 100th Street

(Near Macdonald Hotel)

You Can Save As
Much as \$21
On Your Spring Suit
And Be
A La Fleche Tailored Man

The unusual sale of La Fleche Tailored Clothes now in progress presents a matchless opportunity to own and enjoy clothes of marked distinction and service. Price reductions run as high as \$21 on many of the lines and the entire stock is open for your selection, including the new spring patterns.

\$29 \$34 \$39 \$44

A DEPOSIT SECURES YOUR ORDER

LaFleche Bros.

LIMITED
HIGH CLASS TAILORS

102nd Street

"Just south of Jasper"

A Strange Case

By M.

We entered the room very quietly, closing the door gently behind us. My guide crossed the floor softly in his noiseless shoes, then turning, beckoned me to follow. I went as quietly as I could, but my boots seemed creaky, and the thump of my heels echoed through the otherwise silent room.

"Here he is," said my companion, "but be careful not to startle him." The patient was curled upon the floor. He had squeezed himself into as small a compass as he possibly could, and lay perfectly still. I thought at first that he was asleep, but his eyes were open, and he was looking at us in a listless, disinterested way.

"We try to disturb him as little as possible," my guide told me, "but if you are looking for material for your report you should understand the situation."

As he spoke, he bent down and touched the patient very gently. In-

stantly the man began to sing in a weak tired voice:

"I can't be happy till I make you happy, too."

My guide bent down hastily, touched him again, and he immediately became silent.

"A very sad case," he said, "there seems to be nothing we can do for him."

"Poor chap," I answered. "You said he thinks he's a gramophone? How did it start?"

"It came on him rather suddenly. He seemed quite a normal boy until about a month ago, and he had been doing well in his studies. But, as it happened, the man in the room next to him had a gramophone and he used to play it all day long, most of the day with a loud needle, and in the evening with a cushion stuffed in the sound-box. Finally it got on our friend's nerves so badly that he didn't attempt to use his room for anything but sleep."

At this point, the wind coming through the open window, blew a piece of paper off the table to our friend on the floor. The effect was instantaneous:

"I can't be happy till I make you happy, too."

My guide walked over, took the paper off quickly, and the patient became silent at once.

"You see how it is," he said; "it's very sad. Well, as I was saying, this gramophone was almost more than he could stand, but fortunately he was able to spend his days in another boy's room. But one day this friend won a gramophone by a lucky ticket, and after that there was no peace. After a while he got tired of walking up and down the streets, and so he

used to go into a restaurant to pass the time. But here it was just the same: 'I can't be happy till I make you happy too-o-o!' or 'I'm just painting the clouds with sunshine.' These were his two pet aversions, and every restaurant seemed to have them—and play them—"

"What did he do? You say he was a good student?"

"He had been up to this time. But after this the poor chap was stranded for somewhere to go—absolutely stranded. One day when he was feeling unusually desperate, he received a card in the mail saying his family had sent a birthday present to his room. As soon as he could get back he opened the box, and—yes, you have guessed, it was a gramophone—"

"Poor chap!"

"After that he went all to pieces. When his friends called for him at dinner-time he was as you see him now. And when they touched him, he sang both songs right through before they happened on a way of turning him off."

"I wish I could help him," I said. "I'll speak to my superior about it. But I must go now, and write my report. It's my first day at this kind of work, you know."

My guide asked me if I could find my way out myself, because he wanted to get the patient in a more comfortable position, if possible. I said I could, and as I walked down the corridor, as long as I was within ear-shot, I could hear the feeble, tired voice singing:

"I can't be happy till I make you happy, too."

The Sow's Ear

With eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
breaks forth into some fashionable
verse

On Examinations

Bloodshot eyes!
Mouths strangely snarled
In frantic grimace. Stained fingers
Clenched on screeching pens—
Screeching pens.

Bloodshot eyes.
Silken calves—some ugly—
Thighs disclosed in anguish
Writhing—

The brain, in tortuous frenzy bludgeoned
Making heedless all convention.
What is a leg, a thigh, a hip,
When standing is at stake?

Brilliant sunshine
Trees that laugh and laugh
Cynical trees basking in a careless sun

Budding with a gay abandon.
Sparrows' incessant erotic twitter
Not for us the erotic twitter.

Bloodshot eyes!
Ashy mouths—
Quivering sighs

Nervously twitching features.
And above all,
Relentless tasteless ticking of a clock
Meting out inexorable doom

While just beyond the window
Beckons the warm-breasted lawn
Voluptuous, green, velvet-smooth
Caressing in its look as eyes of new-born calves.

Calves!
Calves shimmering gossamer
Distracting!
Fleeting glimpse of pink pellucid flesh

That shatters all reflection.
Damn them figures!
Eyes whose meandering veins are
threads of scarlet.

Throbbing skulls whose beat is crashing thunder.
Tiny faces haggard under thick moist coats of rouge
And clotted powder—pallid dough beneath.

Day-dreams—stealing precious fleeting seconds.
Mountain peaks,
Austere tumbled heads of mountain peaks

With cloudy halos
Saintly
Rugged.
Pleasant yeasty well-remembered smell

Or golden beer that slops
And slops
On battered tables
Leaving circles of glistening, dazling moisture,

Which wets the elbow.
Bloodshot eyes!
Skin that feels all too taut
On reddened face.

Day dreams!
And the ticking clock.
The ticking clock.
Bristly corded napes

Beneath clumsily bobbed hair.
Repulsive.
Slattern.
Thought destroying

Calves!
The ticking clock!
Mouths agape with stertorous breathing.

Reeking musty air
Forced by a dispirited fan
Through winding labyrinth and gloomy vault—
Never freshened—
Never sweetened.

Stale as a cinnamon bun.
Gladdened engineers
Peeping Toms
With rod and transit—grinning,
gloating—

Released from bondage
Free to gaze at windows
Or girls
Or anything like that

Through toy-like telescopes.
Good God.
The bell!
The gripping clangour of the bell.

The die is cast.
Bloodshot eyes that stare vaguely
Mouth relaxed in drooling loose-lipped smirk

Halting stagger to the blinding sun
And fresh air.
Cynical trees
And birds

That twitter in the misty boughs
Erotically.

AREOPERIMETER.

A MODEST DESCRIPTION OF A COLLEGE GIRL'S ROOM

By Ariadne

As I entered hurriedly, my progress was stopped short—and most uncomfortably—by a cord jerking me under the chin. I was not on my way to receive just deserts for a heinous crime (such as arriving at Pembina at 12:01 a.m. without a key)—I was merely going to borrow my chum's tea-cup. Fortunately, crime or no crime, the murderous string fell short of its objective, and I only choked and extricated myself.

However, where to find the object of my search? I could not even perceive the other end of the room. A pyjama leg dangled coyly before one eye, and a stocking playfully tickled my nose. It was not Monday morning, either—it was Saturday, 11:30 p.m.

I finally emerged from the silken forest of stockings and nightgown. Moreover, I found a chair—yea, verily, I fell over it, this article of furniture being cleverly ambushed on the outskirts of the forest. Being now on the floor, and therefore comparatively safe, I surveyed the interesting vista before my eyes.

Directly in front of me was a window, daintily draped in yellow and white frilled curtains. These served a double purpose, for three safety pins and two needles pierced the white muslin, the black and red thread hanging from the latter producing quite an oriental effect. The radiator, in front of the window, was quite invisible, for it supported a host of handkerchiefs—all the 57 varieties—the hues ranging from a brilliant green to the unhappy once-white.

To the left of the window was a bookshelf. I knew it was a bookshelf, because I have one at home. This particular one held a tea-pot, a lady-pincushion, a dictionary, two packs of cards, a tin of Vi-tone, a lamp, an alarm clock, and a jewel-case. A toasting fork was balanced rather precariously between the two latter objects. That comprised the contents of the top floor.

On the second shelf there were some books, also an ink bottle and some glue, both reposing on a small toaster. A chocolate box full of apples, and a plate of assorted buttons and pins stood guard on the third. The last shelf was empty save for a tiny gilded kettle. Still no sign of a cup!

I turned to the right, where was the most important article of furniture—the bed. It had been made—at the beginning of the term. The covers were still over it, even in the approved order, the counterpane being on top, and a multi-coloured bundle which may have been a Wauneta blanket, at the foot. The cup was not on the bed. A coat, hat, gloves and scarf were.

Again and farther to the left, I saw the table. This was indescribable. A conglomeration of papers, notebooks, photographs, pencils and stationery with a jam tin surrounding all, littered the top; and from the open drawer protruded a long shoe-horn and a hair-brush.

As a last resort, I crawled gingerly round and faced the back corner to the right of the door. The dressing table was placed here, and at last I saw my cup—guarded on one side by a perfume atomizer and on the other by a Calculus text. Had the cup been of less hardy material it must surely have been overpowered.

I rescued it, almost overturning a box of powder in doing so, and dodging seven years' bad luck only by an extreme effort of jiu-jitsu. Dexterously avoiding the dangers offered by a pair of skates, and bruising my knee on the corner of the wall, I made a brave charge for the door and the wide open spaces of the corridor.

ON BEING "C Bed"

The irony of fate, or it is the irony of being caught, anyway it entitles one to one, or two, or three, or four weeks (that is the irony) of more or less solitary confinement. From the viewpoint, or, perhaps, I should say the conversation, of the people who are "in dutch" one would gather that it is mostly "more." When I am feeling sympathetic I can almost understand what it must feel like to stand on the corner across from Tuck and send your friends across for the odd chocolate bar and stick of chewing gum. Gosh, yes, and confine all your walking to the campus—how could a person keep off the grass, I ask you? And be in your own room, all by your self in the moonlight, after eight o'clock. Very inducive to sleep we must admit—four weeks of it, too. Oh, I forgot, they let you out at nine and ten to go up to room 324 (if you live in the basement) and report—just to give you a little exercise, you know, and incidentally to see that you are living up to rules. And if you had a perfectly wonderful bid to the "Fresh"—"Oh, darn, what did the House Committee have to go and find out for. I'd like to know who does all the telling around here? I don't know what they had to give me two weeks for anyway!" or words to that effect. "Yes, and I did want to go to the Wauneta Banquet."

But if I am not feeling sympathetic, or if I'm on the House Committee, well, it's their own hard luck. They ought to know better than to break rules, or at the very least to get caught at it. As one would gather, I am not C Bed. U. WOOD.

REGARD

Just this I offer you—
A dream.
One which my heart has followed
All these years
And now
It seems so true
That I am not afraid to offer
This dream to you. —O. R. W.

The Mulligan Stew

A Column for the Culturedly Crapulent or the Crapulently Cultured, Now Making a Last Appearance

By Percival Hodaut

Although feeling Mulligan (ice) long sleep (deep pun, that), I am told that the feature editor desires one last effort from the "more noted" Gateway writers, so that I make a final bid for fame during the present term. If you don't like it, you are as truly intelligent as myself.

I have a grievance to air. Last week the Students' Union elections passed without one person suggesting the nomination of Percival Hodaut for next year's Prince of Apology-makers. I went to an unconscionable amount of trouble to make myself popular during the past term: I sided with Mugwump in upholding (not "holding," be it noted) the Overtown Stenographer; I have championed the cause of Punning; I have advertised most blatantly a new enormity of male attire, the Cummerbund; I have been one of the mainstays of those termed by E.P.Y. "The Ignorant." Add to this the thousand-word propaganda against the exploitation of School Spirit (I say again, "Whatever that is") which appeared in a recent issue, and you have an excuse for electing me to the mentioned position—or for homicide.

In spite of my disappointment, I continue defiantly in my course. I make no excuses for my features, because I can think of none. To the militant gentlemen (and gentlewomen) who regarded my puns with such disfavor, I offer condol-

ences for suffering borne well, if not in silence—but I make no apologies. To E.M.J., who said that my writing has been "weak between puns," I retort, "What can you expect of a structure built on puns?" (Admittedly, punishment is due for that attempt—but no apologies are forthcoming.)

In conclusion, to everyone—"Adios."

SMOOTH AND
STRONG AND
UNIFORM AL-
WAYS IS...
ELDORADO
"THE MASTER
DRAWING
PENCIL"

FOR SALE AT THE
COLLEGE BOOKROOM

Portables for \$6.95
Used Records, 20 for \$3.00.
Pianos tuned and Phonographs
Repaired
JONES & CROSS
10014 101st Street. Phone 4746
(Next to Journal Building)

Professional Tutor

Latin, Chem 1, and other
First Year subjects

For appointment
PHONE 6057

WE ARE IN BUSINESS
FOR YOUR HEALTH
**HARRIS SPORTING
GOODS CO.**
10342 Whyte Avenue

The new The smart
COUGHLIN'S
**The Capitol
BEAUTY PARLORS**
Specialists in make-up for
Social Affairs
Water Waving
Permanent Waving

FOR BEST SERVICE
CALL
**SCONA
TRANSFER**
L. A. SHEAN, Prop.
Phone 31703
10558 79th Avenue

Office 32748 **TAXI** Residence 33074
HEATED SEDANS
SAUNDERS' TRANSFER
BAGGAGE TO AND FROM ALL RAILWAYS
The Old Reliable
Office: 8039 104th St. W. J. Saunders & Sons

The Edmonton Drafting and Supply Co.
LIMITED
DRAWING INSTRUMENTS
SLIDE RULES, POLYPHASE & DUPLEX, T-SQUARES,
SET SQUARES, PROTRACTORS,
DRAWING INK, Etc.
All the necessary equipment for the Draftsman
10316 Jasper Avenue Edmonton, Alberta

Garneau Service Station
BILL REED, PROP.
TIRE AND BATTERY SERVICE—CAR LAUNDRY
GAS, OILS AND ACCESSORIES
Cor. 86th Ave. and 109th St. Phone 32796

More sold than
all other brands
combined...
because... they
have the quality
that smokers
prefer.



TURRET
CIGARETTES

20 for 25c

Mild and Fragrant

Save the valuable
"POKER HANDS"

To The Ladies

At this season of the year when sunny weather makes necessary a change of raiment, it is well to look over your wardrobe in advance and send articles you are likely to require in the near future to "TRUDEAU'S LIMITED" to be restored to their former cleanliness and beauty as far as the most modern methods of dry cleaning will permit.

Do not take any risk of not having your cleaning sent to a reliable firm where satisfied customers are regarded as the highest form of advertising.

A special delivery service is maintained for your University, and you can be assured of unequalled service and satisfaction by sending your cleaning to:

TRUDEAU'S
Cleaning & Dye Works
LIMITED

10050 103rd STREET, EDMONTON

Phone 23431



NEW COUNCIL MEMBERS

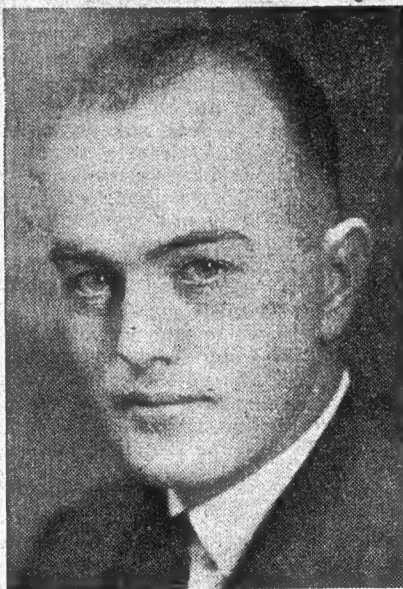


KAE CAMPBELL

Who will be the Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer, respectively, of the Council of 1930-31.



BILL ROXBURGH



VINCE ALLEN

LEGISLATIVE BALL
POPULAR FUNCTIONColorful Display of Fashion Adds
to Charm of Surroundings
—Fine Orchestra

"Charmingly informal" was the way in which one of the guests was heard to characterize the annual Legislative Ball which was held in Athabasca Hall and Lounge on Friday, March 7. Gayly painted balloons bobbing gracefully just above the heads of the dancers were rivalled in splendour only by the variety and colourfulness of the many beautiful dresses seen among the four or five hundred invited guests. Peppy one-steps, syncopated fox-trots and haunting waltzes proved almost irresistible, and many were the encores demanded from Mrs. Barclay and the six or seven others in her incomparable band.

Flickering candles set amid gleaming silverware on the snowy-white table cloths lent an air of delightful expectancy to the Upper Gym., which had been converted into a tastefully decorated dining room for the occasion. The dainty salad which was served followed by ice cream and cake was very good—so much so, in fact, that some of the younger folk were tempted to return for the second supper!

There was no pre-booking of dances, no helter-skelter rushing about between dances to locate one's partner, and the fair proportion of students who were fortunate enough to be present were agreed that it was one of the best, if not the best, social affairs of the season. It was within a few minutes of two when the orchestra broke into the strains of Home Sweet Home, but it was a somewhat reluctant group of guests who finally wended their way home.

ANNUAL ATHLETIC
BANQUET

Don't forget the Banquet Friday evening at 7:00 p.m., Athabasca Lounge.

THANK YOU!

We wish to thank the following reporters who have materially assisted in publishing The Gateway during the present session:

Zella Oliver, Phyllis Weston, P. D. Huxley, D. Ross, K. Tobiason, L. G. Reynolds, O. R. Wray.

G. N. ILES,
News Editor.

APPRECIATION TO
PROOF-READERS

We wish to thank all those who have helped with the proof-reading of The Gateway during the past session. We are particularly grateful to the following, who have fitted especially well in our organization:

Vince Allen,
Jim Bentley,
Albert Cairns,
Margaret McIvor,
W. S. Settle,
Karl Tobiason,
Phyllis Weston.

WILBUR BOWKER,
Managing Editor.

LIBRARY NOTICE

A notice will shortly be posted indicating on what plan the Library will be operated during the examinations. Library facilities will probably be made available for longer hours before and during the finals.

The freshest of
CUT FLOWERS
for all occasions

WALTER RAMSAY
LIMITED
Birks Bldg.,
104th St. and Jasper

Gents'
Wrist Watches

Men have learned from experience that a good sturdy watch is a practical idea. The models we are showing are built for real service.

All our watches are carefully rated before being placed in stock, and they are fully guaranteed.

Jackson Bros.
9962 Jasper Avenue

IF YOU SENIORS WISH A
UNIVERSITY BLAZER
BEFORE LEAVING, ORDER NOW, AS IT TAKES SIX
WEEKS TO GET THEM

A FEW LARGE FRINGED U. OF A. CUSHION COVERS
LEFT, \$4.50 EACH

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

DISCIPLINARY COM-
MITTEE REPORT

On Monday, March 17, four male students of the University were fined and severely reprimanded by the Disciplinary Committee for assisting four women students in the breach of Pembina regulations and for indiscreet conduct off the campus.

At the same meeting a manager of a University athletic team was required to explain his failure to hand in a players' eligibility list as required by the Students' Union Regulations. The case is now under consideration.

THE DISCIPLINARY
COMMITTEE.
A. D. Harding, Secretary.

AG ELECTION RESULTS

The following are the results of the Faculty of Agriculture elections:

President: R. Carlyle.
Vice-President: W. King.
Secretary-Treasurer: O. Peck.
Senior Rep.: E. Kneen.
Leader Discussion Group: J. Torrie.
Junior Rep.: W. Mead.
Soph. Rep.: H. Thompson.

How To Work Your Way
Through College

(Corriere D'America)

Buffalo, N.Y., Mar. 13.

Appearing in court on a charge of violating the prohibition law, Floyd Metcalf, 24, explained that his being a bootlegger was not to be regarded as his vocation, but was to be put down to the necessity of his earning money to complete his studies for the foreign mission field.

The presiding magistrate accepted Metcalf's explanation, and discharged the student. Metcalf will thus be able, while preparing to dedicate himself to spiritual duties, to do a tidy business with another line of spirits. Unfortunately, the times being what they are in the United States, the line he is handling at the present time has a nasty habit of sending people to the world of spirits, where they will be beyond the reach of the budding missionary's mundane efforts.

PILLS AND PAINS

Dr. Conn was the speaker at the Medical Club meeting February 20th. He gave a very interesting and instructive address on the "Ethics of Medicine."

Mr. Pincott spoke to the Med Club last week. His address dealt with the "Laws and Social Customs" of one of the more obscure African native tribes.

If you want to know anything about Ties, ask Sid Hobbs.

The Med-Dents took the Interfac. hockey championship. Look for the team in the Year Book. Good stuff, team.

Some girls we know must have been vaccinated with gramophone needles.

And then the Englishman said as he opened an oyster pattie for the first time: "Ooh—something very nasty has died in my bun."

The banquet is over. It was a real good one—notwithstanding a minor difficulty.

BILLS AGAINST
STUDENTS' UNION

The secretaries and treasurers of all Student Union organizations are asked to make certain that bills outstanding against their clubs are collected and given to the Treasurer of the Union immediately. Kindly co-operate in order that the accounts may be closed without delay.



PRANCE AND STUDYING

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—May I use a little of your valuable space to make a suggestion? On Saturday evening of this week the annual Pembina Prance is being held. This is a dance which only the Senior and Junior girls in residence—with their partners—are privileged to attend, with the result that the Freshettes and Sophomores in Pembina have no place to study. For the sound of the orchestra penetrates to every corner of the building, and as the Prance is always held on Saturday evening there is no hope of studying in the Arts Building. At any other time of the year it might not be a hardship to sacrifice a Saturday evening's study and go to a show, but at this time of the year, with exams drawing so close, this situation is very annoying for many Freshettes and Sophomores, especially as they have no share in the fun of the evening. It is probably too late for anything to be done about it this year, but might I make the suggestion that in future years some provision could be made for keeping the Library open on the night of the Prance?

Sincerely yours,
MABEL CONIBEAR.

THE PIG'S EYE

(Continued from Page 3)

The fond farewell is too likely to become a Partian shot. But, shielding the brave tired eyes from the light, we begin.

We are now rapidly approaching graduation with the kind wishes of the faculty we hope. Our brain has not yet crumbled under the weight of study in spite of our regular four hours a night (Faculty please note). We have that mellow feeling which is only acquired after roast beef and beer, or several years at an institution of higher learning.

And so we give utterance to the wishes nearest our heart. First, that the school of writers at this University will grow in numbers and wit until Alberta is second to none in the field of college journalism; second, that the Dramat will definitely enter competition in provincial amateur play festivals. Dramatics have now an opportunity never before opened to amateur groups for both self-improvement and legitimate publicity. Other student activities have expanded to provincial wide and even inter-provincial fame. It is time that Alberta should lead in journalism and dramatics as well.

—H. D. S.

A Stormy Night

A moon—
Half-hidden by the clouds
That fling their tortured arms across
the sky.

Black pines—
Waving and dancing against the only
less black sky

An eerie light
Cast by the frightened moon

A night
Sent by the gods for mystery—
For romance—or some dark and evil
deed

I wait—
But nothing happens—nothing ever
will—
Hell!

CAPTAIN Z.

SCONA BEAUTY PARLOR
MARCELLING, 50 CENTS
Phone 32845
10363 Whyte Avenue

LONG'S
LIMITED
PHOTOGRAPHERS
ARTISTS
ENGRAVERS

EVERYTHING IN
SPORTING GOODS
SEE
UNCLE BEN'S
EXCHANGE
PHONE 2057
Cor. 102nd Ave. & 101st St.

JACK CRAWFORD
VARSITY BEAUTY
PARLOR
Private Booths for Ladies
and Gentlemen
We specialize in Permanent
Waving, Finger Waving and
Marcelling
Phone 31144 for
Appointments

FOR THE BEST GRADE OF CANDIES AND BOXED
CHOCOLATES, COME TO BILL'S

ALSO

FANCY SUNDAYES AND TASTY DRINKS

The Best in Town

Bill's Confectionery

Jasper and Ninth

(NEXT TO SUN DRUG STORE)

TROPHIES that spur competition

Birks craftsmen specialize in the fashioning of suitable Trophies for all manner of sports, and many Clubs have already selected their Trophies for this season. Excellent values are offered, at Birks, in Sterling Silver or Silver-Plate. Special designs may be arranged for by the firm's own craftsmen.

BIRKS

Points of Appeal TO THE CLEVER DRESSER



Smarter SUITS

Even to the unpracticed layman's eye superiority of style, finer woollens and neater tailoring will be noted in our Spring Suits. Broader shoulders, slimmer waistlines and hips are outstanding in the season's latest style developments.

Honey-Tans and Silver-Tones

Are the Feature Colors

Various shades, running from the grey-blue casts to straight greys are shown in a wide selection. Here, too, are various tones of tans, blues, and a generous showing of mixtures in the better fabrics.

PRICED

\$25 to \$40

\$25 - \$30 - \$35

Top Coats

Three-quarter box effects with set-in sleeves and peak lapels are most in favor. Like the suit, honey-tans and silvertone effects are strong. There's a wide choice in plain and mixed patterns.

ESSERY & CO., LTD.

10073 JASPER AVENUE

NEXT TO CAPITOL THEATRE

Literary Supplement

The Gateway



Nineteen Hundred and Thirty

Cushion Covers

Plain\$3.00

Fringed (large size)\$4.50

Pneumatic Chair Seats

\$3.00 and \$4.00

New English-made

Fountain Pens

14K Gold Nibs, \$3.00 and \$4.00



University Book Store

Anything that can be cleaned can be
cleaned **BETTER** by

Trudeau's, Limited

Special rapid service to University Students

Phone 23431

Or leave instructions at the office of
your Hall



TRUDEAU'S Cleaning & Dye Works

LIMITED

10050 103rd St., Edmonton

*A Thought for
Graduating
Students!*

PRESERVE THE MEMOIRS OF GRADU-
ATION THROUGH THE YEARS BY

A Full Length Photograph



THE UNIVERSITY STUDIO

RIALTO THEATRE

Coming Attractions

Rudy Vallee in

"The Vagabond Lover"

Week March 29th



Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in

"The Taming of the Shrew"

Week April 7th

GUARANTEED ENTERTAINMENT

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

TO

THE GATEWAY

1929-30



"REVERIE" PEN DRAWING

By S. MILNER

EDITORIAL

All publications are supposed to have an editorial. Just why it is hard to say. Perhaps it is to convey the impression that the work has an editor; or again it may serve a somewhat similar purpose to an entrée before a meal, like the morning grapefruit for instance, albeit without the same propensity for retaliation. Whatever be its use or uses, however, custom decrees that this annual magazine be sent forth with an introduction by the editors, and since we are horribly superstitious, we are going to abide by the experiences of past editors and make certain that this Supplement be launched in the appropriate manner.

In selecting the material for the 1929-1930 issue of the Literary Supplement, the editors have been guided mainly by their desire to include as many representative selections over as wide a range of literary subjects as possible. That they have been able to do so is largely due to the efforts of their contributors. Lack of space has made it impossible to include much excellent material submitted; but whether the work of our contributors found a space in this publication or not, we wish to thank them for their contributions, without which this Supplement could not have been published.

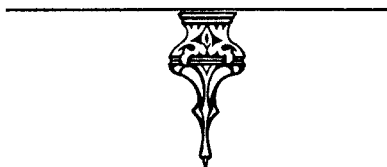


TABLE OF CONTENTS

Reverie	By S. Milner—Frontispiece	
The Scalpel	By E.P.Y.....	page 7
Mirabile Dictu	Phidippides.....	page 8
Cruel Art	Serene Olsen.....	page 9
A Poem	J.B.....	page 9
Why I Shall Enter Journalism	Jean Carlyle.....	page 9
Holland and Hollanders	Peter Keyser.....	page 10
How it is Done	W. E. King.....	page 11
Kipling: An Appreciation	Capito.....	page 12
Dark Night	J.B.....	page 13
Love's Death Watch	Marguerite Calder.....	page 13
Travelling in the North	Mabel Conibear.....	page 14
Sonnet	G.W.....	page 18
Tree-in-the-Side	H.W.M.....	page 18
Spring	J.B.....	page 18
Kismet	By Albert Cairns.....	page 19
A Winter Dissertation	Eleanor Luxton.....	page 21
One Hour	Mc.....	page 22
Les Amis	Phidippides.....	page 23
Evensong	L.....	page 24
Modern Ranch Life	Harry J. Hargrave.....	page 24
Windermere	W. H. Hargrave.....	page 25
Spring Fever	Phyllis Collier.....	page 25
Leave it to the Ladies	Cecilia Salt.....	page 26
Sonnet	Warren Aylmer.....	page 32
Progress	Warren Aylmer.....	page 32
Rebirth	G.W.....	page 32

Literary Supplement

Published by The Gateway, University of Alberta

Editor: Mabel R. Conibear

March 26, 1930

Associate Editor: Percy A. Field

THE SCALPEL

He hated saying good-night to Doris. Under his chin her hair was soft and tumbled. Moonlight through the porch vines transmuted the girl's white-clad body to mystery and enchantment.

"Good-night, Ron. Please—I mean it, this time."

She sighed a little, and drew away. Then the thought fell on them both, tangible as the scent of stocks by the garden path—how many more sweet sorrowful good-nights? When, asked the woman in her heart, when would Ron put into words what his arms had asked, had demanded? She pictured the moment to herself, her head on his shoulder, the city noises a blurred undertone to their hammering pulse beats. Doris was a very old-fashioned girl. She wanted to be engaged.

And Ron Harley's last barrier was almost down. He looked at his hand, his long supple surgeon's hand, in which her little one lay curled so confidently. Long ago, in calm pre-Doris days, Ron had dreamed of a time when those fingers, sure and skilled, should cheat death. One hand—how many bones was it? Lord, a fellow couldn't think anatomy when electric thrills were running up his arm!

"Saturday, Do—at eight?"

Three long steps down the garden path, and he was gone.

* * * * *

Five o'clock, thank God, and another day over. In the outer office typewriters ceased to clack, chairs scraped on the floor. A stream of tired girls chattered past, yanking on their little hats, intent on freedom, and the outer air.

Ron began to clear off his desk. The litter was worse than ever tonight, the drawer looked messy too. He'd better overhaul the whole thing. Pencil stubs, a sheaf of order blanks, two ancient rubber stamps, a dozen inelastic bands—he turned them all out. Something clattered to the floor. Ron stooped and found himself reaching for his old, original scalpel.

Ruefully he looked at the blade, ran a finger down the edge. It was dull. Someone tinkering with a typewriter had left the point twisted. Johnny, the office boy, had been carving the tremendous pencils he affected, and his grimy young finger prints remained.

Lord, how that scalpel brought the old dreams back. With elbows on his desk, his long fingers lost in dark rebellious hair, the man stared at it. Three years now, since a young and eager Ronny had bought that knife with his first pay cheque. In

the joy of possessing the real thing, he had hardly been able to keep it out of his hands, but had carried it about and gloated in secret. The splendid thought that he had really made a start. Life had been simple in those days. A few years of hard work, then college, and some day Dr. Ronald Harley would come into his own. Lister, and Osler, and Collip had done great things. Why could not he? Then mother had died, and when the ache in his heart had softened a little, the boy sold the old home and found himself nearer the goal. But last summer Doris came, and living suddenly became a more exciting business, sweeter, and vastly more confusing.

Lucky man who would marry Doris. Right now she was the prettiest thing in Calgary, with her silky curling hair and sea-blue eyes. Ten years ahead you could see her the kind of woman whose cakes were a family boast, and whom little children ran to. Yes, Doris was certainly made for a home, and that four thousand in the bank would help to give her one.

And yet—there was his scalpel, lying among the hateful office rubbish. Life had treated it very badly. A master craftsman had made that knife of steel more than commonly fine, and he had designed it for a great service. Now it was dulled, bent and dirty, doing the work of an ordinary pocketknife, in this noisy, stupid office. Sidetracked, like himself.

Ron slipped the scalpel into a vest pocket and found his hat. Down on the street, he swung west. Faces hurried past him, worried faces, ageing faces, young and tired faces. There was so much a fellow could do in this world, if he knew how. Ron quickened his pace, as beyond the brick and billboards, the blue mountains rose into view.

At the very moment when a thoughtful young man turned the scalpel in his fingers, a beautiful girl eighteen blocks west of him manipulated another steel implement. Doris was manicuring her nails. Flushed and lovely in a pink negligée, she sat curled up on the edge of her bed. The late August breeze lifted the white ruffy curtains, and fanned the brow of Miss Mabel Warren, the girl friend, who was at that moment reclining on the window seat.

Mabel had dropped in on her way home from town to "check up on the campaign," as she put it. Her hat lay beside her on the floor, and as she always thought best with her heels above her head, a lengthy expanse of stocking in the shade so aptly

termed "nothing" was revealed to inappreciative bluebirds on the cushions.

Miss Warren blew a smoke ring and regarded her friend approvingly.

"You look like an ad for Edna Wallo Whopper," she remarked. "The question is, why doesn't he fall?"

Doris had wondered the same thing herself, but womanlike, she took up the defence.

"Oh, you don't know Ron, Warrie. He's different from most boys. Ron wouldn't say anything he didn't really mean, for always."

"Sure," another smoke ring—"They're all different, until they flop. He's a keen man just the same, and worth laying for. That dinosaur type is marvellous in action."

"What's a dinosaur, anyway?"

"It's a creetur, dearie, noted for its length, the thickness of its hide, and its old-fashioned ways. In all of which respects it bears resemblance to your Romeo. Say, don't you ever scan a printed page?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes, but I like to sew better. Did I ever show you the new georgette I just finished?"

"Produce it!" Down came the heels. "How could you hold out on me like this? Oh, Do, it's a dream. That blue with your skin and eyes—he's done for, this time sure. What'll you have, a teapot, or a percolator?"

Doris colored, smoothing the folds of her pretty dress as she hung it away. Curled up again, she resumed operations on her left hand. It must look particularly lovely for one never knew—

"You see, Mabel, Ronny has always planned to be a doctor, and it takes such a long time."

"Aha! a light breaks. You discourage him, Do. Why, it would be years before he was able to buy orange juice for a family. Don't blush, young woman, a family is right in your line. If he stays with McIntyre and Gray, he's bound to go ahead, and it's steady. My dear, we saw the slickest little bungalows out in Rideau Park last Sunday. This Ron person has money, hasn't he?"

"Yes—I think so. But Ron wouldn't be just an ordinary doctor. He's awfully clever, really he is. He wants to find out new ways of doing things."

"Look here, old thing," said Mabel, coming over to put an arm around her, "you wear that divine blue thing tonight, put a good shot of jasmine behind your ears, and he'll forget those pipe dreams after you settle down. I've got a heavy date myself, or I'd stay and help load the artillery."

She retrieved her hat, powdered her nose and departed whistling.

As the front door banged, Doris moved slowly to the wall mirror. She looked at herself long and steadily.

* * * * *

Ron hated saying good-night to Doris. He knew that before he left he ought to tell her. The moon was late, but the street light on the corner glimmered through the porch vines on her wistful

figure. Lord, how sweet she was, and lovable. A fellow would be a cur to hurt a girl like Doris. He'd have to tell her.

"I made up my mind about something today, Do."

"Yes, Ron?" very softly.

"Y'know that four thousand I told you I had salted away? Well, I'm not getting any younger, and if I'm ever going to arrive, it's time I began. So I've warned the University that I'm on my way."

"Oh—why, that's fine. I'm sure you'll be a success, Ron. Will you be leaving soon?"

"End of next month, I guess. Say, it will be great to get back to the smells and specimens. The tinkle of falling test tubes—music in my ears!"

He knitted his long fingers round his knee and grinned at her, sitting there so still and silent. Doggone it, she was a darling—but it would have to be a clean break.

"I'll miss you, Ron, when you go north."

"Sure, for about a week. When I come back next spring you'll be engaged to some oil king, or I miss my guess."

He rose—they both rose, and again she was in his arms, his lips on her hair.

"You'll think about me once or twice, Do, will you?"

"Oh, yes—I—of course, I will."

"You're a dear—good-night!"

"Good-night, Ronny—goodbye."

Three long steps down the garden path, and he was gone.

* * * * *

The moon came up late. It lit up the intense dreaming eyes of a man who sat at a window, and gleamed on a small polished knife he turned in his fingers. It shone through the porch vines of an old house on a quiet street, where a girl was still sobbing, softly and alone.

—By E. P. Y.

MIRABILE DICTU

You,
Just you,
Can cause me
To think that all
This scurrying, this
Frantic rush and clamor
Is not without a purpose, albeit
Obscure and hid from mortal eyes.
It seems to me, when you are near,
That the rush grows less, the noise
No longer jarring. Earth is like
That haven which we must gain
At last. Thus thinking I am
Humbled, and in my heart
A prayer is formed—
Thank Heaven, I
Murmur, for
Just you,
You.

—PHIDIPIDES.

CRUEL ART

I saw the moving tide—that rose
And welled within a human heart
Against the iron bonds of age—
Subside in mute repose,
And stricken, die within a smaller cage.

I saw the sure cold mind receive
The stab of sudden doubt, that it had missed
Perhaps, in jibing at creative arts,
A beauteous glimpse of something painters sought
To capture and make live in hidden parts.

I saw again the smile of certain mental power
Turn back the doubt upon a point of reason,
And mock aloud from out its empty tower,
Maintaining ever empty, truth, when merely
Framed and sung or writ in fine vague terms of
beauty.

I saw hostility behind the eyes
That gleaming balefully, sneered
They did not care if something deep
From out their former days had peered
Like lost and twisted key far-flung—
Which once had locked the sealed forgotten door—
Caught up at last by cruel hands of art
That turned to raid and violate a human heart. . . .
SERENE OLSEN.

A POEM

She's like a garden on a summer day,
No black-eyed susan has such eyes as she,
No purple pansy such a winning way,
No rambling rose a wayward grace more free.
—By J. B.

Why I Shall Enter Journalism

By Jean Carlyle

The reasons why I have chosen journalism as a career are overpoweringly weighty and numerous. In this brief essay I shall mention only a few of the more important.

Firstly, and very much foremostly, I wish to enter journalism because it is practically the only profession in which a person can state his opinions with little fear of contradiction. Ninety-nine per cent. of the public take the newspaper to be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and not all the libel cases and cynics in the world can persuade them otherwise. Everything in print is sacred to them, from war propaganda to Dorothy Dix. It would be gratifying, if one were an unattractive spinster of all too certain age, to be able to write, "Infallible Helps on How to Win a Husband"; "Parents' Problems—Sympathetic Articles by a Mother"; or "Beauty Hints: No one, of any age, can fail to draw admiring glances if they follow these simple rules to natural beauty."

Then, the variety of the position is attractive.

There is no possibility of boredom if one can interview a Toothpaste King one day, a movie star the next, attend fires, executions and dog shows between times, and write entrancingly of Mrs. de Smythe's delightful dinner, the Oldest Inhabitant's impressions of flappers, and Rev. Mr. Thus-and-Thus's views on Divorce.

But perhaps the strongest appeal newspaper work has is that editors, and their underlings, can use the first personal pronoun, **plural** instead of singular. Only three classes of humans are thus singled out for glory: kings, clergymen, and editors. As we were not born great, and as theology lost its appeal for us when we discovered that the whale did not **really** swallow Jonah, we feel that the only way we can fulfil our long cherished ambition is to enter the field of journalism and write weighty editorials concerning our opinions on matters of importance in our country. (Seven plurals in one paragraph! Think what we could do, with practice!)

Journalism is not a blind alley. It is a stepping-stone to many great things. The first step up is literary or dramatic criticism. There are two great advantages to this field. First, a critic gets all the new books of the year as well as good seats at all the new plays, besides social prestige with authors, actors, managers and publishers. The amount of free food and entertainment lavished on critics each year is colossal. Second, a critic can be sarcastic without being unpopular. People expect him to be, and if he isn't they consider him a failure. The more biting his comments, the more lofty his pedestal. Having a naturally unpleasant nature I look forward with keen enjoyment to the day when I may write:

"Mr. Aloysius Simpkin's new book, 'Shades of Chicago' impressed us as a very feeble effort. Evidently Mr. Simpkin is ignorant of the most rudimentary principles of rhetoric. The plot was weak, the characters wooden, the situations preposterous, the language colorless and amateurish. The introduction is much longer than necessary and the conclusion too long delayed. The mediocrity of the book is only lightened by the clever descriptions of the City Dump, and the bootlegger's roadster."

A still more exalted career to which journalism is a natural preliminary is literature—really **serious** literature; like psycho-analytical novels and free verse. These, particularly the last, call for years of apprenticeship to Art. To this high sphere I aspire, and I shall not have achieved my final purpose in being a journalist till I can create such soul-stirring works as the following:

Asparagus

White stalks reach
like dead men's arms
crowned
like Congo Dancers
snakes in a jungle
a man
in a window
turning pancakes
my God! dead eyes that stare.

Holland and the Hollanders

By Peter Keyser, B.A.

For Canada, my homeland picture expresses itself in terms of windmills, dykes, tulips, wooden shoes and "ultra plus fours." There is not very much more known about Holland, except the story of "Peter and the Dyke."

There is only one country in the world which has protected its territory from the encroachments of the sea, thereby making itself irretrievably "damned." The names of Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Zaandam, Edam, Monnikendam (and the rest of the "dams") are names of cities built upon dams at the beginning or end of a river, as Rotterdam with the river "de Rotte," Amsterdam with the river "de Amstel," Zaandam with the river "de Zaan," etc.

Holland As An Industrial Centre

Holland is a busy land, and although I am a Hollander myself I think I can say without bias that Holland is the busiest place I have ever seen. There is only 1 per cent. of unemployment at the present time. Dutch shipping, financing and the Dutch East Indies have much to do with this. That gives them a monopoly of quinine and kapok, and 40 per cent. of the world's rubber.

Then Amsterdam is a great tobacco, coffee and tea market, her oil and gasoline trade is aggressive, and in this city is located the world's diamond market. Rotterdam and Amsterdam are two large seaports, especially Rotterdam, where in one week more than 300 or 400 big ocean liners come in.

Holland's 2,200 miles of canals are filled with motorboats carrying farm products to market. The streets of Rotterdam, Amsterdam and other cities are thronged with wagons and trucks hauling these products. The marketplaces are "up to date." The seating places for the buyers are built as theatres in modern cities. During those market-periods there is not one word spoken. Everything is done with "electricity," in other words. Every buyer has his regular seat with number, and in front of his seat is a rubber button. When he buys, for example, a carload of potatoes, he pushes the button and a big hand upon a clock, which is in the centre of the marketplace, stops and announces the price, while upon another switchboard the number of his seat appears. With such a system there are thousands of carloads of products sold in a very short time.

Farming in Holland

Nearly all Holland farmers are specialists. To a Dutch dairy farm, a cow that gives less than 9,000 lbs. of milk yearly is a poor specimen. After you have seen a field of 20,000 rhododendrons, 30,000 hortensias, 50,000 roses and 10,000 peonies, you know that Boskoop is not a town, but a flower garden.

During the summer months, before 9 o'clock in the morning, the flowers are cut and at noon-

time you buy Dutch flowers on the streets in London. Shipment takes place by aeroplane.

Holland, with 12,648 square miles, and a population of 9,000,000 people, exports annually about \$213,000,000 worth of butter, cheese, eggs and other animal products, or more than enough to balance her cereal and other agricultural imports.

Every bit is in cultivation. No farm land is idle. It is worth \$400 to \$600 an acre, and must be kept busy producing something. At the present time a staff of the best civil engineers is working to push the sea away and reclaim 500,000 acres of new land from the Zuider-Sea. This work, which is known as one of the greatest undertakings in Holland's history, is expected to be completed in 1932.

A large part of the farm land lies from five to fifteen feet below sea level. The 10,000 windmills of former years have been largely replaced by electrical pumps, which are busy night and day keeping this land above water and maintaining the right level in the canals.

Each square yard of land is put to the use to which it is best adapted. Whether it is for the production of butter, eggs, cheese, bacon, truck crops, potatoes, cut-flowers, garden seeds, bulbs, strawberries, sheep or nursery stock, the whole process is done according to the best known methods.

Tender truck crops, tomatoes, lettuce, cucumbers, strawberries, grapes and various others, are grown under glass. There are localities where the whole landscape seems to be a big glasshouse. If I were to return to Holland five years from now, I should expect to find the country completely parcelled out in the most methodical manner, so many acres covered with glass, such and such areas reserved for potatoes, rye, buckwheat, flax and sugar beets, so many thousand acres for narcissi, hyacinths, gladioli and tulips, and an allotment of standing room for cows and pigs, while people, streets, building, canals and railways would have to find space as best they could.

Holland is practically on a free trade basis. Her farmers have to stand on their own feet, without government props, subsidies or bottle feeding. They have learned how to do it. They are sending thousands of tons of cheese, butter and eggs to Germany, although Holland's density of population is nearly double that of Germany's.

There is a vast difference between the German and Dutch farms along the German-Holland frontier, and it is all in favor of Holland. Every bit of worth-while information gathered by Dutch investigators promptly filters down to the most remote farms, and the farmer takes note of it, and puts it into practice if it fits his case.

Civilization and Liberty Age-old in Holland

There was once a time that Holland was the very centre of modern European history. The debt which civilization and liberty owe to the Dutch is

greater that that due to any other race, however little it may be known and acknowledged.

Some scribbler, the other day, who knows little of what they were, and nothing of what they are, has called them an effete nation. Nothing can be more untrue. They are fortunately disabled from wasting their substance on militarism, and they are, and I trust will be, protected by the public conscience of Europe, as they should be, in so far as political wisdom goes for anything—by the persistent goodwill of Britain. But I do not find that in any department of enterprise and of intellectual vigor, the Dutchman of today is behind any European nation whatever.

In the early days of the Republic, Holland, and especially Amsterdam and Rotterdam, held the printing-presses of Europe. From Holland came the first optical instruments, the best mathematicians, the most intelligent philosophers, as well as the boldest and most original thinkers.

From Holland came the new agriculture which has done so much for social life, horticulture and floriculture. Holland is the origin of scientific medicine. The Dutch taught modern Europe navigation. They were the first to explore the unknown seas, and taught the western nations finance, perhaps no great boon. But they also taught commercial honour, the last and hardest lesson which nations learn.

They inculcated free trade, a lesson which is nearly as hard to learn, if not harder. They are the real founders of what people call international law, or the rights of nations.

There is nothing more striking in the Dutch character than the fact that the country was an asylum for the persecuted. The Jews found an asylum in Holland; the Huguenots, expelled from France, found a refuge, yes, more than a refuge, a recognition, when recognition was a dangerous offence. Paul Kruger from South Africa, and eleven years ago, near the ending of the World War, the once proud and mighty sovereign of the German Empire sought and found a shelter place over the boundary line of this small country.

And during the great war the Dutch Government policy consisted in doing work along the line of charity. Thousands and thousands of allied soldiers found a welcome in the Dutch country. The Hollanders opened their homes and hearts and shared love and sorrow with those who were so far from their own homes. Holland showed those boys that its home-life is held together with a bond of love, and the faith in prayer.

Modernity of Holland

At the same time Holland has an open eye for modern times. It is democratic in many ways, although its class distinction is great.

The "flapper vote" was established in nineteen twenty-one. There is an equal right of men and women, and at the present time two ladies are members of the House of Commons.

The Crown Princess of Holland received her Ph.D. in Philosophy from the University of Leyden. She attended Varsity, not as "Princess," but as

"Miss Juliana van Buuren." She belongs to the Girl Guides, camps outdoors with her fellow students, and is a great tennis enthusiast.

When thinking of Holland, don't think of the wooden shoes only. These are worn by farmers or some people living in small villages, who are keeping up the native dress. Dutch ladies are dressed "up to date," and mostly make their own dresses at home.

I have arrived at the end of the subject, which was to give an outline of Holland and the manner in which the Dutch people vindicated their nationality.

I once have said that with the presence of people in this great western land, coming from Holland and other countries, who are not only fitted with the stalwart frame of pioneer life, but who have faith in Immortality, the future of the West is assured.

Making a comparison between Dutch hospitality and that of the people of the West, I am very glad to say that the hospitality of Alberta people which I have received is so great that I can find no better words to express my appreciation than these: "For Alberta, I love."

"How it is Done"

By W. E. King

Professor Mildew, speaking at the Edmonton meeting of the Royal Antediluvian Society: "It would be by experiments of this nature that the transmutation of lead to gold, if such a thing be conceivable, might some day be realized. However, in connection with the defustigation of ions I wish to say that, etc., etc., etc."

Next day, from the "Daily Stunt":

Startling Prophecy by Eminent Scientist! Lead to Gold?

"Professor Mildew, at last night's meeting of the Royal Antediluvian Society, foretold that we should soon have the secret of turning lead to gold within our grasp. He suggested it might be brought to pass by means of the defustigation of ions."

Some day, leading article of the "Daily Stunt":

Lead Turned to Gold

"Are we, as a nation, behindhand in the world of science? The statement of Professor Mildew that he is about to reveal the transmutation of the metals shows clearly that Canada need bow to no one for scientific achievement and keen research. While we have men like Professor Mildew amongst us we can rest assured, etc., etc. It is rumoured that the Soviet Government has attempted to steal the secret by means of their spy system, which the 'Daily Stunt' has so often exposed in these, etc., etc."

"Daily Jargon" day after lecture:

Lead Turned to Gold

Scientist's Amazing Revelations

"Professor Mildew burst a bomb at last night's meeting of the Royal Antediluvian Society, a gathering of Canada's biggest brains, when he announced that he had succeeded in turning lead to gold by

means of iron. Professor Mildew is a short dark man, with a quiet demeanour, and is a well known figure in the world of science. To a 'Daily Jargon' reporter the professor declined to say anything further."

From the "Daily Jargon" next day:

"It is stated by an eminent scientist that there is a possibility that Professor Mildew's efforts to turn lead to gold may conceivably cause such atomic upheaval as to explode the whole of our planet." (Insure with the "Daily Jargon" free insurance.)

To the "Daily Jargon" next day:

"Sir,—Cannot something be done to stop people like Professor Mildew from carrying out such **dangerous** experiments as you describe in your today's issue?"

"I think it is disgraceful that such **unholy** tampering with Nature's secrets should be **allowed**. May I say that I am a regular reader of the 'Daily Jargon,' and derive great comfort from it.

"(Sgd.) Matilda Blather."

From the Footer:

"A good story is told of Professor Mildew, who has just produced gold from lead. One day a friend asked for a match. The Professor's eyes twinkled. 'I am sorry,' he said, 'but I haven't got one!'"

"The onlookers were greatly amused by this **bonmot**, which was delivered with his usual delightful **bonhomie**."

From the "Daily Stunt" sooner or later:

Professor's Amazing Announcement Babies From Bottles

"At last night's meeting of the Society of Ancient Wrecks it was stated by Professor Gangrene that he had succeeded in producing living matter from chemical elements. He looked forward to the time when it might be possible to synthesise human beings in the laboratory."

And then we start all over again.

Kipling: An Appreciation

By "Capito"

Man has been described as the greatest mystery of all creation. For years, he may live with little more soul than the beasts of the field. Without passion, without vision, he is only a moulded form of animate clay, stolid, dull, and tiresome. But let the celestial spark, which smoulders in us all, flare into flame. Man becomes truly god-like. His mind soars beyond the material world into a land of life and light. Great passions, great thoughts, fill his mind and illuminate his soul. And out of the white glare of the celestial fire come visions of high ideals and pictures of an Utopian existence.

Rudyard Kipling has given to the world two poems that will go down to posterity as flashes of the Divine from the mind of a man. One is "Recessional," the other is "If." Widely different, yet linked together by the bond of Divine inspira-

tion, they are tangible expressions of two great ideals from a man who rose above the commonplace. And when we can feel the true idealism of these two poems, then, and then only, shall we correctly gauge the power of the man who wrote them.

In "Recessional" the prayer is voiced that we lose not sight of the fact that without the help of the Almighty, all victories are as nought. When men achieve great things they are prone to think that they deserve the credit, forgetting that without the Divine help, they would have achieved nothing.

Kipling prays:

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,

Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

He sees human nature as it is, appreciates it for its weakness, and knowing from experience that God will be forgotten, prays that the Lord will forgive us. And with the idealism of the visionary, he would change us from what we are to the idealistic state where we would do as Jesus bid, and "Render unto Caesar those things that are Caesar's." What a world this would be, if we were to give credit where it was due! That is the ideal that Kipling had in mind. He applies it to the Almighty, but there is no reason why it should not be spread to include all mankind and all relations of men to one another. When a man faces his own soul in the stilly darkness, he can judge very well what credit is his. But few men are open enough to give credit where it is due. Kipling, with celestial fire still warming his soul, prays that men may suffer a change of heart, and not forget the credit due to others.

"If" is the philosophy of an ideal, crammed into four short verses. Kipling, the student of human nature, the man of the world, sees the weakness of Man and the points wherein he fails. He sees the ideal that Man knows not, yet strives to attain. And out of the vision that has been his, he writes the philosophy of that ideal, that those who come may see, that those who will may follow. Every man might well read this poem, for it is a summation of the wisdom of the ages, a philosophy of Life, a philosophy of morals. Kipling shows that more than being a visionary, he is a man with convictions, a man who knows the world and has fought the battles of Life just as other men have to fight them. "If" rings true, and therein lies a great deal of its appeal. Every man at some time or other is moved by the thought of a high ideal. Sometimes it is clear and becomes his guiding star; more often it is but a flash and is lost in the struggle for existence. "If" portrays the ideal clearly, in language that will live forever. It will live because it is a human document, written in the language of Life.

Kipling's claim to a place in the story of human progress might very well rest on either of these poems. We can choose between them. But it is a matter of personal taste, and no one can go so far as to say that one of the two will live and not the other. Each the expression of an ideal that is Divine, each in its own sphere perfect, Posterity will hail them with reverence, and give to them the appreciation that they deserve.

DARK NIGHT

Hera, who guarded Jove so jealously,
Down from Olympus slipped to earthy woods,
Where sunlight lingered. Jove found her there,
Her lover's name upon her lips.
He called Apollo from his glorious flight,
Right angrily he spoke, and speaking spread
The purple cloak of night across the sky,
Casting aside the jewelled helmet of Diane,
So that the day fled and moon lay hidden
In the chamber of the gods.

—By J.B.

Love's Death Watch

It was cold, and had been for the last six miles. The horses had travelled very slowly, and my half-drunk companion had completely forgotten that I was a part of the luggage. With a flash, a house loomed into view, and as the sleigh stopped, I hurried for the door without asking permission from my driver.

For a moment the gas lamp, throwing its sputtering rays of yellow light around the walls, blinded me. My hand was seized in a strong grip of welcome, and I was fairly dragged across the wide planked floor. When my eyes became more accustomed to the gloom, I saw something huddled in an invalid's chair, far back in the dark corner of the room. Was it a man or a boy, a living creature or a ghost? I felt creepy and ill. How I would have loved to flee, but remained as though rivetted to the spot!

The long black hair was parted in the middle and hung halfway down over his huge lifeless ears. His face was white as chalk, the pupils of his eyes large and glassy, his thick lips blanched, his cheeks hollow. His hands rested on the arms of the chair listlessly, his long colorless fingers hanging loosely.

Then I heard myself being introduced—"Miss Black, meet my brother Carl." He did not even glance up, but grunted with no more concern than if I had been a marble pillar, "Huh!" Unconscious of my movements, I stepped back as though the hand of death were trying to grasp me.

A door opened behind me. Turning quickly, I saw a huge woman with short, fat arms looking me over. Her face was stern, bitter. As she eyed me from my pointed heels to my marcelled hair, I felt her cold stare, and inwardly I shivered.

* * * * *

They said very little, but they fed me, and I felt better.

That night I slept in a rickety bed surrounded by four paper walls. But I should not say I slept, because I did not. The mice scuttled across the floor, while bats squeaked in the wall behind my head. Two alarm clocks ticked distinctly. The old timepiece downstairs chimed at the hour of three.

Someone began to snore. That at least was company. Suddenly the snoring ceased. What was

that I heard? Who was breathing so deeply, as if in pain? Oh, so deeply.

The room became filled with light, pale yellow light. A young girl with golden hair and laughing blue eyes danced over the squeaking boards, barely touching them with her nimble feet. I watched her, fascinated.

Smiling, she put her finger to her lips, and her eyes twinkled as they watched me. "Hush," she said. Then slowly in a voice like the peal of soft dreamy music, she went on:

"Do not be afraid, little maiden; I am just a soul, a soul who is waiting for a loved one. See how happy I am. I can dance tonight; dance for joy, and for love! love!"

"But, why, why? Who are you?" I gasped.

"Hush!" she said again, lightly touching her lips. "You do not know me, for how could you? But that does not matter. You are my bringer of joy, love, happiness. For he will be with me tonight." She danced on.

Suddenly she stopped. "Listen!" she said. "Do you hear him breathing?"

I nodded my head automatically.

"He will not breathe for long. He knows I am here and waiting. How happy we used to be! I was to be his bride, that bright morning in June. As he stood beside me, before the altar bedecked with lilies, another jealous lover shot me. I died in his arms, and I begged him not to be long. He promised as he kissed me. For two years I have watched over him. Months ago he was almost mine, but they saved him, only to delay his fate. He will be mine. Tonight you came. Tonight he will be given back to me."

She whirled around on the floor, gracefully swaying this way and that.

"In my happiness I dance, I dance—I dance to you. For you are the only one who knows that he is dying. Listen, his breathing is fainter. But do not try to save him. Remember I am waiting."

The light vanished, and with it the fair-haired maiden. I listened carefully. The breathing in the next room was short and in gasps. I went to get up, but something held me back. A soft voice seemed to whisper: "Please! I want him!"

I heard no more. I awoke with the morning sunlight shining in my face. I glanced at my watch. Eight o'clock! Surely not! Yet the house was deathly still. I slipped into my clothes quickly, then down the worn stairs.

The family was gathered around the table, but the invalid's chair was empty. They glanced up as I entered.

"Carl has left us," said his mother with a muffled sob in her throat. "The doctor says he died shortly after three."

I wanted to shout, but I just unheedingly blundered out one question: "Was he engaged to marry a fair-haired girl?"

They looked at me in surprise. "Yes," she answered. "Then you, too, saw the vision."

MARGUERITE CALDER.

Travelling in the North

Travel in the North-West Territories, and the most northern regions of Alberta is, as one would suppose, vastly different from the call-a-taxi, wait-at-the-corner-for-a-street-car travel of the modern world. Here in our vast northland, movement from one place to another still takes a most primitive form and conditions are so affected by the difficulties of transportation that even today any part of the North-West Territories gives a perfect setting for the tales of early Canadian history, of the time of Frontenac and Champlain. Unfortunately or fortunately, as the case may be, modern efficiency is pushing modern travel farther and farther north, so that the old methods of transportation, such as freighting by scows, hauling these scows over portages, and tracking them up swift water, will soon be mere memories, tales of old men.

Travelling by Dog Team

However, it will be many years before winter travelling is seriously altered. Even though the aeroplane has for the last two seasons supplanted the dog-teams in carrying winter mail to and from the northern posts, still the average northern trader and trapper, policeman and missionary today makes his journeys behind dog-teams, and will for many days to come. For the numerous advantages of this mode of travel assure it a long predominancy in winter transportation. The difficulties of trail-cutting through the great forests of the north on the many miles of his "line" would be an almost overwhelming task for the trapper if he had to provide a road for more exacting beasts of burden. But his dog-team, harnessed tandem, and drawing the sleigh behind them, can travel through the woods almost anywhere that a man can go. The winding trail that makes a detour for every tree stump or fallen tree is seldom wider than the exact width of the cariole, and often the boughs of the trees meet just a few feet from the ground, so that the driver himself has to stoop under them. On the river, where almost all the travelling between forts is done, there is another advantage to dog-teams, for the snow is often very, very deep, and where a larger animal or a car would almost sink out of sight, their light feet often do not even break through the crust. Again, their food is easily carried and is a product of the north, consisting as it does mainly of fish, which is thrown on the sleigh either dried or frozen, and fed to them in one meal a day, that when the camp is made in the evening. Best of all, they require no shelter at night, even in the coldest of winter months, but curl up to sleep in little circles when the day is ended, and in the morning are still in those circles, perhaps covered with snow that has fallen in the meantime, but yet snug and contented.

To "lead a dog's life" in the north is to lead an extremely varied one, for all the summer months they spend in absolute idleness, lying in the sun and

if possible putting on a good coat of fat against the coming winter, and during the rest of the year they have to work—and work hard—either pulling the sleigh or carrying packs. For in the fall and spring when the ground has not sufficient snow for the sleigh, they become, for the time, pack-horses, carrying their master's great variety of camping equipment and provisions strapped on their sturdy little backs. However, despite the hard work they do, they are autocrats in their own way, and insist upon certain rights; for, when the road is bad or not recently travelled, they refuse to "break trail," but must have a forerunner who plods ahead in his snowshoes, making a path for our little four-footed friends to follow. And so it often takes two men for one team of dogs, one man to break trail ahead and one to manage the sleigh behind.

The Actual Drive

For the passenger at least, this form of travel is very pleasant indeed, and very, very lazy, for once in the cariole you are so securely tucked and strapped in, that no matter what happens to the sleigh or the dogs you know that you can do nothing to help, and all you have to do is sit back and watch the driver. Imagine yourself going for a pleasure-ride in a dog-sleigh. You dress warmly and are all ready to go; you hear a merry tinkle of bells, a shouted command or two, and you know that the dogs are ready outside. So out you go, and the driver helps you into the cariole. You lie down, and he tucks you in very snugly and securely. If the weather is cold he will probably insist upon covering your head and tucking that in also. He is always determined to keep you warm and firmly strapped in, and it is with great difficulty that you can persuade him to let you raise yourself to a sitting posture in order to look about. He insists, of course, that he is afraid you will get cold, but one suspects that the sleigh, travelling on the narrow, often uneven trail is much easier to manage with the passenger lying down, rather than sitting up and concentrating the weight at the back. A white driver, of course, will sympathize with your desire to breathe fresh air and to look at the scenery, but an Indian cannot understand why anyone should want to look at a lot of snow and trees on the trail, and as for breathing fresh air, that is something he cannot understand at all, and he will probably cover your head up and have it nicely tucked in even while you are talking to him. Now you are off; there is no sound but the tinkle of the bells, the crunch of the sleigh under you, and the steady "pat-pat" of your driver's feet, all punctuated by an occasional crack of the leaded whip or a shouted "Marche" from behind. If you have your face uncovered and can see, the sight is a pleasing one: your driver, especially if he is an Indian, is very picturesque with gaily-beaded mocassins, leather coat or fur capot, always holding

his long whip decorated with brilliant wool. The dogs are not behind their master in the matter of dress; each has his "coat," usually made of black velvet and decorated with beads, wool and silk, and each his quota of bells that tinkle at every move. Dogs and driver set a peculiar pace of their own, a little faster than a walk and a little slower than a run, and it is said to be very hard for a "greenhorn" to accustom himself to this odd pace. Meanwhile you are delightfully snug and warm in your blankets, you feel the sleigh pulling under you on the hard snow, and sometimes if the road is bad or the sleigh makes a sudden turn, you upset; but after all you are on the ground anyway, so the upset is never so very serious, and the driver is right there, often using only one hand to put the sleigh to rights again. However, if you do upset, you are glad if you have taken his advice and are lying down, for the dogs think so little of it that they do not trouble to stop, and if the driver happens to be at some distance behind they pull the sleigh along on its side until he gets there. But you are never hurt by an upset, and it only serves to add to the variety of the drive. You travel along in comparative silence for several miles, then suddenly you feel an added pull to the sleigh, you sense that the pace is steadily quickening, you hear more bells—you are going to meet another team. It is now that your driver has to be on the alert. If the drivers of both teams are new, or do not know the particular dispositions of the dogs, there will be a glorious fight when the two teams meet—and no small mix-up of harness. The harness, indeed, becomes so badly tangled in one of these fights that the dogs have to be literally rolled over and over by their drivers before they can stand on their feet again. If, however, the driver is an old hand at the game, when he hears the bells he will run along the side of the team until he reaches the leader, then keeping a firm hand on the leader's collar he will drag him past the other team, the other driver doing the same with his leader.

The Days of the Scows

So much for winter travel. In summer, when the great bulk of the year's transportation is done, travel of the north largely follows its great natural roadways, the Athabasca, the Slave and the Mackenzie rivers. Here also until recently the methods were very, very primitive. Even twenty years ago steam power was still a novelty on these rivers, and almost all shipping north of Athabasca Landing was carried on by scows, which usually left the Landing in parties of from three to fifteen, organized by a small handful of white men—traders, trappers or missionaries. The scows were large flat-bottomed open boats, with a great capacity for carrying flour, bacon, beans and other merchandise; no accommodation for passengers, and propelled by huge oars. The oars were managed by a crew of Indians and half-breeds, and the occasional roving-spirited white man—and a lively crew of men they were, absolutely irresponsible and as merry-hearted as children. Once on the journey, they were easy to handle and exceedingly obliging, but while still in Athabasca Landing, before cutting

their last connection with civilization, they made constant use of white men's refreshment, becoming consequently much less easy to manage. It was the usual thing, when the party was ready to leave, for the crew to be thrown on board dead-drunk, the white men to pull out from port themselves, drift down stream beyond walking distance back, and there tie up to shore until the crew sobered up. After this they would have no more trouble with the men, and for the remaining weeks of the journey would hear nothing from them but their ready laughter, their easy-flowing Cree chatter, and the marvellous imitations of wild birds which they would all give at a moment's notice on seeing a flock of geese or ducks. It is hard to breathe into modern times the spirit of these care-free, happy-go-lucky journeys on the scows. Even the white man was soon infected, if not with the childlike mirth of his crew, at least with their light-heartedness and their absolute disregard of time, and he too soon learned to feel that a day, or two days, or a week made no difference, and that arriving at one's destination was not the only end of a journey.

Sometimes the party would come to swift water or rapids in the river; this would mean a halt in the journey, and the arms of the crew, weary from long days of rowing, would be given a welcome change of occupation. For the goods were then unloaded and "portaged" along the land until the water was once more navigable. As for the boat, it was either "shot" over the rapids without a load or portaged along with the goods—a difficult undertaking in either case. This portaging meant extra work, of course, and heavy work. But did the Indian crew mind it? Not a bit. This was variation, and so was enthusiastically welcomed, for nothing is more irksome to the Indian soul than monotony and routine. The shifting of the cargo always took place among the merriest laughter and excited chatter, like that of children let out of school. If by chance a heavy packing-case, or sack of flour, fell in the water and sank before their eyes, this was always the occasion for great merriment and for stopping all work to look at the spot where it had gone and discuss it amid shouts of laughter—the Indian sense of humour was touched. Even though this accident might be a small tragedy to the white men in charge, it was no use speaking to the crew, or trying to reason with them—they would never see it as anything but a huge joke.

On the return journey against the stream, other difficulties were met. Often the current would be too strong for the boat to make any headway, and every inch gained by the oars was lost between strokes by the force of the current. Then the scow had to be "tracked" up the river. The crew would pile off the boat in great excitement and fasten a long heavy rope to the bow; this they would take in a firm grasp, and spreading out in single file, walk along the banks of the river, pulling the scow inch by inch behind them. Fortunately, tracking never had to be resorted to except on the return journey, against the stream, and then the boats were always very lightly loaded. For the north at

OVERSEAS EDUCATION LEAGUE

Honorary President: H.E. The Viscount Willingdon, G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., G.B.E., Governor General of Canada.
 Past Honorary Presidents: The Rt. Hon. The Viscount Byng of Vimy, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., M.V.O.; His Grace The Duke of Devonshire, K.G., P.C., G.C.M.G.
 Honorary Vice-Presidents: Field Marshal Lord Plumer, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., G.B.E.; Lt.-Col. The Rt. Hon. L. C. M. S. Amery, M.P.

President: The Most Reverend S. P. Matheson, D.D., D.C.L., Archbishop of Rupertland, Primate of All Canada, Chancellor of the University of Manitoba.
 Vice-President and Honorary Organiser: Major F. J. Ney, M.C., Executive Secretary, National Council of Education of Canada.
 Honorary Treasurer: Dr. R. Fletcher, Deputy Minister of Education, Manitoba.

PROGRAMME 1930

(SUBJECT TO CHANGE)

1. FIFTEENTH ANNUAL VISIT OF TEACHERS

(Including the Clergy and Medical Profession)
 Great Britain and France (together with Switzerland and Germany)
 Estimated Cost \$535.00

2. SEVENTH ANNUAL VISIT OF UNIVERSITY UNDERGRADUATES

(Including Graduates of 1929 and 1930; Normal School Students and Senior Students of certain Schools and Colleges)
 Great Britain and France (together with Geneva and Oberammergau)
 Estimated Cost \$535.00

3. FOURTH ANNUAL SUMMER SCHOOL IN FRENCH

(For Teachers and Students)
 Lycée Victor Duruy, Boulevard des Invalides, Paris.
 Estimated Cost \$375.00

4. SECOND ANNUAL SUMMER SCHOOL IN ENGLISH

(For Teachers and Students)
 Oxford, Stratford-upon-Avon, London.
 Estimated Cost \$395.00

5. FIRST ANNUAL SUMMER SCHOOL IN SPANISH

(In co-operation with the University of Liverpool)
 Santander, Spain
 Estimated Cost \$420.00

6. FIRST ANNUAL SUMMER SCHOOL OF MUSIC

(For Teachers and Students)
 Paris, Oberammergau, Munich, Bayreuth, Dresden, Berlin, London
 Estimated Cost \$520.00

7. FIRST ANNUAL SUMMER SCHOOL OF FOLK DANCING

(In co-operation with the English Folk Dance Society)
 Oxford, Malvern and London
 Estimated Cost \$395.00

All Membership Lists Close on or Before May 1st

Transportation Arrangements, Summer, 1930

Eastbound Sailings

"Empress of France" June 4th from Quebec to Southampton.
 "Minnedosa," June 21st from Montreal to Glasgow.
 "Empress of Australia," July 2nd from Quebec to Cherbourg and Southampton.

Westbound Sailings

"Empress of Australia," August 23rd from Southampton and Cherbourg to Quebec.
 "Empress of Scotland," August 30th from Southampton and Cherbourg to Quebec.

Members desiring to sail before June 4th or to return before or after August 30th, can secure reservations on other sailings through the League. Rates will be quoted on application.

Application forms containing the usual detailed information regarding the various items of the League's programme for 1930 are available at the Office of the OVERSEAS EDUCATION LEAGUE, Boyd Building, WINNIPEG.

FRED J. NEY,
 Honorary Organiser.

Seventh Annual Visit of University Undergraduates

(Including Graduates of 1930; Normal School Students and Senior Students of Certain Schools and Colleges)

Great Britain and France

TOGETHER WITH SWITZERLAND, INNSBRÜCK AND OBERAMMERGAU

JUNE 21st	SAIL BY S.S. "MINNEDOSA" FROM MONTREAL
JUNE 29th	ARRIVE AT GLASGOW
JUNE 30th	FROM GLASGOW TO ST. ANDREWS VIA THE TROSSACHS
JUNE 30th—JULY 4th	ST. ANDREWS
JULY 4th—JULY 10th	EDINBURGH
JULY 10th—JULY 14th	GRASMERE (ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT)
JULY 14th—JULY 17th	HARROGATE
JULY 17th—JULY 21st	YORK
JULY 21st—JULY 24th	STRATFORD-UPON-AVON
JULY 24th—JULY 27th	OXFORD
JULY 27th—AUG. 11th	LONDON
AUG. 11th—AUG. 15th	GENEVA
AUG. 15th	BY SPECIAL TRAIN TO INNSBRUCK IN AUSTRIAN TYROL
AUG. 16th	BY MOTOR COACH TO OBERAMMERGAU
AUG. 16th—AUG. 18th	OBERAMMERGAU (FOR THE PASSION PLAY)
AUG. 18th—AUG. 23rd	PARIS
AUG. 23rd	Sail from CHERBOURG BY S.S. "EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA"
AUG. 30th	ARRIVE AT QUEBEC

Estimated Cost (71 days), \$535.00

EXTENSION FOR MEN STUDENTS ONLY

June 4th—Leave Quebec by the R.M.S. "Empress of France."

June 11th—Arrive Southampton and proceed direct to London.

In London the Students will be accommodated in hotels at Lancaster Gate, opposite Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park.

For this period the programme will be optional and selected from the following items of historical and general interest. For events marked with an asterisk reservations for all members of this group will be made.

Diary of Principal Events

*May 29th-June 14th—Naval, Military and Air Force Tournament (London Olympia).

June 10th-June 12th—Agricultural Show. Hereford, Worcestershire and Gloucestershire (near Droitwich).

June 11th-June 12th—Flower Show—Iris. (Royal Agricultural Hall, London.)

June 12th-June 14th—Horse Show (Richmond, London).

June 13th-June 17th—Cricket—First Test Match—England vs. Australia (Nottingham).

June 14th—Polo—Lawson Cup (Roehampton, London).

June 14th—Coster Donkeys' Show (Richmond, London).

June 16th-June 21st—Golf—Open Championship (Hoylake).

June 16th-June 21st—Tennis (Queen's Club, London).

The Undergraduates will be under the personal supervision of the Honorary Organizer—who will accompany the party from Montreal—assisted by the Rev. R. H. Ragg, M.A. (Cantab) (Rector of All Saints Church, Winnipeg), as Honorary Chaplain, and by the following Honorary Senior Group Leaders:

MRS. K. F. PINHEY, McGill University, Montreal.
MRS. F. G. C. WOOD, Univer. of British Columbia.

*June 17th-June 21st—Military Torchlight Tattoo (Aldershot).

June 18th-June 21st—Convention—British Architects (Norwich).

June 18th—Racing—Royal Hunt Cup (Ascot near London).

June 19th—Racing—Gold Cup (Ascot near London).

June 19th-June 28th—International Horse Show (Olympia, London).

June 20th-July 3rd—Trade Exhibition—Ideal Holidays (Royal Agricultural Hall).

June 21st-June 25th—Convention—Annual Advertising (Hastings).

June 23rd—Prince of Wales's Birthday.

June 23rd-July 5th—Croquet—North of England Championship (Buxton).

June 23rd-July 5th—Tennis—Lawn Tennis Championships (Wimbledon, London).

June 23rd-July 5th—Chess—British Congress (Scarborough).

June 24th—Racing—Irish Derby (Curragh).

June 24th—Royal Horticultural Show (Royal Horticultural Hall).

June 25th—Racing—Summer Meeting (Newbury).

June 27th, 28th, 30th and July 1st—Cricket—Second Test Match—England vs. Australia (Lord's Cricket Ground, London).

*June 28th—Royal Air Force Display (Hendon).

The present estimated cost of this additional programme, including Tourist Third Cabin accommodation on the "Empress of France," rail fares Southampton to London, and London to St. Andrews is—\$85.00.

MISS DOROTHY SOMERSET, Honorary Secretary,
1419 Pendrell Street, Vancouver, B.C.

that time exported practically nothing but fur, and many thousands of dollars' worth of fur takes up very little space and weight, with the result that the southward journey had always a very light load.

Summer Travel of Today

Today the whistle of the steamer is heard along those rivers where yesterday the Indian crew manned the boat with silent oars. Almost all the northern freighting is done by one of the large transportation companies, whose steamers ply their way to the last port of call on the Mackenzie river. The independent trader or trapper is still seen taking his outfit north on a scow, but he has long dispensed with the oars, and now has a "kicker" fixed on the stern of his boat. However, the comparative modernity of present summer travelling does not prevent a trip north from being a fascinating experience. The steamers all carry mixed freight, passengers above and cargo below; and the passenger watches, from his position on the top deck, the crew bringing on the freight underneath. The deck hands are still mainly composed of half-breeds and Indians; there is still that happy-go-lucky, care-free atmosphere in their work, and still the hearty laugh when anything falls overboard. The boats make connections with the train, it is true, but the "connections" would be very amusing to anyone accustomed to travelling from one bustling city to another, for if your boat is several days early you wait for the train; if it is a day late the train waits for you. However, this is a great stride forward from twenty years ago when the trip from Edmonton to Smith, which now takes four or five days in summer, then took a month or six weeks. The really modern trapper or trader now comes "out" by aeroplane, making the journey to civilization from the most remote northern posts in a day or two; and having bought his outfit, sends it back by one of the transportation companies, travelling as a passenger himself with the same company. No wonder the early pioneers sigh and say, "The good old days are gone—the north is not what it used to be!"

MABEL R. CONIBEAR.

SONNET

The bull-throat chorus calls again
To tell the sleeping night of Spring;
The marshy fen's same bubbling strain
Runs through my heart with joyous ring;
And softly warm doth brush my hair,
The wind which whispers of the frogs;
Discordant yet harmonious air
Which gurgles from the moon-damp logs;
Green-tipped buds on silver trees,
Alert to catch the wakened voice,
Stand drinking in the flowing breeze;
While Nature's tiptoe beings rejoice.
Smell of smoke; bats' swish on wing;
Night-song of frogs; the dawn, herald Spring.

—G. W.

TREE-IN-THE-SIDE

A child cried out upon the still night air,
A wail struck terror to the hearts of men—
Mock fiendish laughter followed after, and,
Then starlight silence.

* * * * *

In the days when Glooskap lived among his kin,
The ever good and kindly god, all men
Knew aught but joy and happiness, all men
Knew naught of care nor woeful weariness;
No burning baleful sorrow wrenched their hearts:
But Time's illusion held them all in thrall
Till swiftly shattered.

A wretched witch had come on moonless night
And snatched the brother-babe away from him
Who was the god of gods. The crying child
She bore across wan water moors and fens,
Until she found her unknown waste-land home.
The child god nevermore was seen.

But when

In burning mind, good Glooskap sought his foe,
And came by chance upon the wicked witch,
She in a craze and fear flew at him, and
A terrible and bloody fight ensued,
Which starting in the dew-dank light of dawn
Along the eastern sky, now lasted all
The livelong lurid day, until the glow
Of sunset cooled the western heav'n. Now when
The ling'ring light sank to the westward sea,
And the little stars had thrust their twinklings forth
Upon the calm and silver silent earth,
(All hushed save for the fighters' groaning grips),
The strong god, Glooskap, making final throw,
Rooted up a giant pine, and this
He hurled straight at the witch, his enemy:
It pierced her side, and ever there remained.
The struggle ended thus.

But now the witch

Was jeered at by the mocking crowd; she wept,
Clawing in rage, the pine tree in her side,
The helpless sorceress at last brought low,
Begged her great enemy, the god of gods,
To form her into some revengeful shape,
So that she might torment all men all time;
And this the good god did, he being kind
And generous unto an enemy:
In a trice he changed her to an insect mite;
But still the pine tree stayed within her side;
Athirst and restless, to this day she flies
Among all people, wreaking yet her feud,
As the mosquito.

—H. W. M.

SPRING

Among the grasses brown I saw a hint of green,
A living, growing, glowing tint of green,
And yester' evening when the sun was almost gone
A boastful robin raised a cheerful, liting song.

—By J. B.

KISMET

(It Is Written)

By Albert Cairns

The Prelude

The far off sands of many a desert land
Have seen strange sights—strange stories could
retell

Would we but pause to hear. Once did I pause
And heard a tale so weird, yet interesting
I could not help but try to set it down
That others might enjoy the story too.
So listen—in the far off desert wastes
Of the Sahara, was a French outpost
Commanded by the Colonel le Sueur,
And with him was Marie, his only child.
When but a babe, her mother passed away
And as her colonel father was the last
To bear that full nine hundred years old name,
And had no relatives with whom in France
He could his daughter leave, the little maid
Went with him everywhere his duty led.
So nineteen summers passed away as one,
And now the maid to womanhood was grown
In beauty and in grace so unsurpassed
That she a human being scarce appeared.
But ere she to her twentieth year attained
Colonel le Sueur was ordered to command
The French post "La Vendetta"—so he went
Out to Algiers, from there by camel swift
He and his daughter and a hundred men
To "La Vendetta," and relieved a force
Which had been stationed there for nine months
past.

Now Marie loathed the place and longed for France;
Perchance it was because behind her there
She left her lover, André de Garnache,
A handsome young lieutenant, who had won
Her heart, as had indeed she his.
And so she stormed and argued endlessly
But all to no avail—Her father could not spare
The necessary men to take her back
For sore were they harassed by Arab tribes.

* * * * *

The Story

I
The horned crescent decked the western sky,
A grey cloud-cloak hung from the nether tip
The Silence of the Sands lay heavily
Waiting for dawn to make the wan moon dip,
And hungrily two grizzled peaks opened a yawning
lip.

II
An escouade of legionaries slept,
Each in his cloak, as only men can sleep
Who worn with marching are. One only kept
A weary watch, and whiled away the deep
Long hours, and watched the moon steal slow down
Heav'n's blue steep.

III
Betwixt the mountain peaks which frame the moon
As often as each morn she sinks to rest
An Arab chieftain lay, one Abd-el-Soun.

Tumultuous tho'ts stirred deep within his breast.
Low still and ever lower sank the silvered moon to
rest.

IV

But one year hence, Abd-el Soun's only son
With two score mounted men led forth a raid,
But fell into an ambush ere begun,
A mitrailleuse had caught them where they stay'd.
The moon to rest was slow and ever slower being
laid.

V

But not content with slaying to a man,
To warn marauders to maraud no more
They crucified the boy. The story ran
Swift to the old Sheik's ears. Three days, then
WAR.

The peaks to seize the moon did ope their grim
jaws more.

VI

So border villages went up in flames—
The French harassed the Riffs—the Riffs the
French.

At last the French to this conclusion came
They must all power from the Arabs wrench.

VII

And so a mighty force was swift deployed
And of this force, the mentioned escouade
Formed the extreme advance-guard—was employed
To engage the Arabs first with gun and blade.
Into the chasm deep the pale moon sank and stay'd.

VIII

And even as the moon behind the peaks
Did drop and drop, there came a single shout—
And then an outburst wild of frenzied shrieks
As clouds of Arabs charged and wheel'd about.
The east began to grey and put the moon to rout.

IX

Swift from their sleep the Legionaries sprang
A mitrailleuse spray'd burst on burst of shell—
And rifles crack'd and rapid orders rang
And desert wastes turn fast to painful hell.
The moon had hid her face deep in the mountain
well.

X

But all to no avail—the soldiers fell—
As death came whistling o'er that barren plain
Till only one was left—he, shielded well
Behind the gun's steel guard, did safe remain.
The morning sun shone red, as tho' in mortal pain.

XI

But even he could not forever last
A stray ball struck the barrel of the gun
And upward glanced, 'till deep into his breast
It tore its way. His thread of life was spun.
Dark black clouds swept out and hid the bloody sun.

XII

With shouts of triumph forth the Arabs rode
To plunder and despoil the still warm dead,

But, to their great delight, one Frenchman showed
That he alive still was—he moved his head.
The sun behind the clouds burned sullenly and red.

XIII

The young lieutenant, who had fought the gun
So nobly—'twas he that alive remained.
His wound to dress the Arabs had begun
For well they loved to save what they had maimed
For further torture, when he had his health regained.

XIV

And when to camp they bore the wounded man
Old Abd-el Soun cackled in fiendish joy,
And thro' his mind an hellish tho't there ran—
A chance to 'venge his murdered only boy!
"Allah is great," he said, "naught can my revenge
destroy!"

XV

A weary year dragged by, but by that time
The Frenchman to his full health had returned.
Then one night, a new moon and evening chime
Stirred Abd-el Soun—once more his old heart
burned—

That night for vengeance for which he had oftimes
yearned.

XVI

The moon was blocked with clouds, when galloped
by
A troop of Arabs. In their midst the young
French officer—bound hand and foot and eye.
Behind, a huge cross dragged, and sand upsprung.
The clouds were thick—the night was dark—the
moon was young.

XVII

Within a hundred metres of the fosse
Of "La Vendetta," France's furthest post;
The Arabs came, and there upon the cross
They nailed a sign which read "This is the cost"
'Neath this they nailed the boy—arms wide-spread
and limbs crossed.

XVIII

He hung there, gagg'd, in anguish exquisite,
While slow his life ebbed forth—his breath came
deep.
The moon slid out from 'neath the clouds and lit
The ghastly scene—then did it slowly creep
Into the cloven peaks, where nightly it doth sleep.

XIX

But while the moon portrayed this awful scene
One lonely sentinel had chanced to glance
That way—he choked a shout—what could it mean?
Then clear his call rang out, "Aux armes! Avance!"
And quick the guard turned out—they thought, a
raid perchance.

XX

But when they saw the Cross out on the Sands
And saw the bleeding body hanging there
A sudden hush descended—E'en commands
Were spoke in whispers awed. But few would dare
To sally forth to rescue—for haunted seemed the
air.

XXI

But Colonel le Sueur, who, quick to see
The chance to save a life, sent ten picked men
Who instantly went forth, and warily,
Alert for traps, approached the cross, and then
Lowered the blood-stained tree; the man revived
again.

XXII

The Colonel, all alert for something new,
Altho' he knew not what the trouble was
Stood waiting. Then the bearers filing thro'
The room, left there the stretcher; then a pause
And Marie, with him, wondered what lay there be-
neath the gauze.

XXIII

The Colonel slowly drew the covering
From the man's face. A gasp—then "Dieu de
Dieu!

"'Tis Lieutenant Garnache! Ma foi! Amazing!
'The doctor, Marie, quick!—The 'Croix' for you
'Friend André—Ventr' Sain' Gris! Nom d'un Dieu
de Dieu!"

XXIV

One terror-stricken glance at André's face
And Marie fled the room to seek for aid.
Her lover dying! Could she win the race
With Death, that Horseman grim? Now she has
made
The doctor's room—he's heard in time! they're not
delayed!

* * * * *

Conclusion

Two weeks have passed. André so far survives
And but for bandages on hands and feet
Is to his full strength easily returned.
His wounds mend quickly. Two months slip away
And now the scene is changed. Far from the fort
Of "La Vendetta," André and Marie
Together wander. A new moon on high
Silvers the sandy shore of Southern France.
And André and Marie are on the shore
Watching the waves wash whiter still the sand—
Watching the moon slide slowly down the sky—
The moon, a crescent, low and lower sinks
Watching the world as only lovers' watch.
That crescent moon! What thoughts it brings to
both

Marie and André. Their tho'ts meet—their arms
In sweet caress entwine, and as their lips
Together are impressed—their souls are met
Each to the other said one Arab word—"KISMET."

* * * * *

L'envoi

There is the tale—take it for what it's worth—
It's strange—you'll grant me that—but not as
strange

As some you hear from windows and from walls—
It's just a different type—I like it, yet—
Oh, by the way, your VERDICT? What? Thumbs
down?

Ah, well—KISMET!"

ALBERT CAIRNS.

A Winter Dissertation

By Eleanor Luxton

In the midst of the Rockies at an altitude of 4,510 feet there is a sleepy valley with a winding river, mountains of grey stone and mountains covered with pine, poplar and willow, brightened by plenty of summer sunshine and beautiful with summer flowers. The perfect setting for a lazy life out of doors! Later, the same valley with the river frozen, snow many feet deep, the mountains majestic in their white mantle and a tang in the clear, dry air—the winter has come. It is time for real action, and the temptation to "get out" and enjoy the sports cannot be resisted.

We are all lovers of life in the open! But the winter sports so well known in Canada have made thousands of people appreciate that phrase "out-door activities."

While Banff is well known as a summer resort, it has just begun life as a winter playground. The older winter resorts, Quebec and Montreal, are so well known they have been written about many times; and there, winter activities are a large part of the life. The way has been pointed out; and this western beauty spot so favorably endowed with climate and surroundings has taken hold of the imagination of many, who promise a bright future for the new winter resort.

The Holiday Season

It is February. Let us take a holiday in the Rocky Mountains and stop at Banff for a while. We need not stay a day longer than you wish, and I promise you plenty of amusement. There will be everything that you have ever done in the winter, and plenty that you have not.

Sunny days, moonlight nights for skiing, skating and tobogganing; swimming for colder days; and snowshoeing, sleighing, curling and ice-boating for any day at all. The Winter Carnival will be in full swing, and you shall see professional as well as amateur events.

Back in 1917 the first Winter Carnival was held in Banff, with only seven hundred dollars material backing and plenty of enthusiasm. Today the Carnival has grown into a project of thousands of dollars, and has given untold pleasure to people from all parts of the world. This small event, begun by a few men, is known in every winter resort. Banff, with its natural setting, proper climatic conditions and increasing population, has gone far—but this resort needs substantial backing, advertising and organization to carry on.

Swimming—and Below Zero

There, in the midst of the mountains when the mercury has dropped to twenty degrees below zero, anyone may enjoy a swim in water at a natural heat of one hundred degrees Fah. The walls of the bathing house have been transformed, and are hung with frost curtains from one to three feet in length. As the air currents gently waft these to

and fro, what swimmer cannot imagine himself in a fairy world, with a blue sky above pierced by snow-capped mountains! No one ever catches cold, even if the hair is frozen by the time town is reached—and think of the fun!

Ice—and Sports

The middle of November finds the rivers and lakes frozen; these long stretches of clear ice are more than the skater can withstand. Moonlight or daylight parties skate far up the river on to Vermilion Lakes—a short rest, then the return to town, and one more pleasant incident has passed into the book of sport. Later, by Carnival time, the snow is deep, and the skater has long since abandoned this distance skating for that in an open-air rink on the Bow River.

It is here that figure skating takes place. Professionals and amateurs weave intricate designs all over the ice—until the spectator is amazed at such ingenuity. This is one of the features of the Carnival, and the committee always has some professional exhibition skaters.

During the season masquerades and moccasin dances are held at the rink, and there is plenty of fun for both participant and spectator.

Hockey, the most fascinating of ice sports, is carried on to a large extent. Men's teams come from various points, and more than once an excited overtime period has decided a victory. The men are not alone in this field, for the women, too, play hockey, and play it well. Witness our own University women's senior team! In the early days the women's hockey teams used to come forth in long skirts, sweaters and high hats—today we see the shorts, bobbed hair, and marvel at the pioneers of the game. However did those women play with yards and yards of skirt flapping about?

Curling is now held in the covered rink, and many a skip draws a long breath as the last rock glides down the ice and comes to rest on the button. Here also the ladies take a throw—and, gentlemen, we defy you to say that the ladies have not a straight eye and steady hand. There is an annual bonspiel in co-operation with the Carnival, but the Curling Club has been organized since 1900, so it is well established.

A Natural Ski Camp

Skiing is the sport, so many people say. There is the large jump for the professionals, and we hold our breaths as a slim figure leaps into the air and lands gracefully one or two hundred feet down the hill. For the amateur there is the natural spot at Norquay Ski Camp. This beauty spot, one thousand feet above Banff, is only an hour's walk from the town, and there are all the natural ski hills where anyone may learn. A gentle slope, plenty of snow and the nerve to go are all the requirements. Provided the skier has the last, this camp produces the rest. The walk up is a succession of untold

pleasures, for there are countless beautiful views, and on arrival the log cabin looks so cosy. Here the skier may have his pleasure from November until May, for at the high altitude the snow does not melt. Imagine a May day when the town is fresh with spring and the tennis courts are full—an hour's pleasant walk and you arrive in a land of snow where everyone is skiing. Even the most exacting cannot ask for more!

Ice-Boating

In speaking of ice-yachting one naturally thinks of the Hudson, St. Lawrence and Great Lakes, where this sport is well developed, and a speed upward of eighty miles an hour has been attained. Banff is able to supply a smooth sheet of ice fifteen miles long and two or three miles wide where this sport is carried on. Lake Minnewanka is swept by a strong west wind that keeps the ice free from snow and gives all the power necessary for sailing. This, one of the oldest sports in the world, has given the writer many thrills on the lake that is supposed to be haunted by a monster fish.

Tobogganing, snowshoeing and riding behind the sleigh dogs are common pastimes. Trap-shooting, well known as a winter sport, has become one of the regular features of the winter, and often on a crisp day the shooters break an even hundred.

By the Way

"From sports like these are all our cares beguiled." Everybody feels the force of that statement when they go to Banff. During the Carnival week there are untold pleasures and funny incidents. The good-natured fellow will put on skis, and for the first time try a hill; suddenly he begins to slide, gradually gaining speed. If he is lucky he ends the way he should, otherwise someone may go to rescue a tangled mass of legs, arms and skis from a snowdrift. The would-be skier comes up snow-covered and a trifle bewildered; yet invariably he tries again!

Put one or two amateurs into an obstacle snowshoe race and there will be plenty of fun. In climbing a hurdle one individual is sure to lose a snow-

shoe; in going through a barrel the candidate in his hurry forgets that his shoes are too long to follow his head, and he gets stuck—or while running down the home stretch someone calls out, "That's a Boy!" and the poor man steps on his own shoes, stumbles, and after a final glorious effort reaches the post—only to find that the rest of the contestants arrived some minutes before.

From All Parts of the Globe

These are the natural sports Banff offers to any visitor. Do you wonder that the Winter Carnival, begun so short a time ago, has leapt ahead? Professional ski-jumpers from all over Canada, speed skaters from Canada and United States, fancy skaters, hockey teams, swimmers from east, west, north and south, from well known winter sports clubs and universities, come to participate in this winter program.

The guests come to witness a week's fun in the heart of the Rockies—and they go after the week is over. But when they leave they are enthusiastic over the mountains, the woods and the general beauty; they are delighted with the program prepared for them—and best of all, they have memories of moonlight sleighing parties, of the first ski trip and the most recent—but never the last, for they always feel that they will return for another.

In the Future

With so much enthusiasm from the visitors, the Carnival Committee and every citizen in Banff believes that some day—not so far in the future—Banff sports will be a large organization. Then with her natural wealth she will be one of the outstanding winter resorts of the world, and a possible centre for the Olympic Winter Sports games.

"No one knows the joy of winter
Till they've lived the ones we know,
When the snow has heap'd the branches
And the mercury drops low;
When the tingling sunlight thrills through
All our veins like golden wine,
Then the mountains' magic claims us—
When the frost is on the pine."

One Hour

He was a writing medium; this is what he wrote: "I awoke with a start, and found myself bathed in cold sweat. I twisted over on the mattress and asked myself futilely, for the ten thousandth time, if the torture would never cease, the end never come—the end of nightmare, and horror and pain. And then I realized, with a numbing shock of hopeless terror, that I was afraid to die. Life was no longer sweet, and its termination was the one thing for which I longed, but the grim fear of the unknown was upon me and would not let me go. Already the first pallid streaks of dawn were lightening the little patch of sky that was visible through the barred window above my head, and by the luminous dial of my watch I saw it was almost five o'clock. One hour of life remained—one hour only, and with

that realization, I was assailed by all the furies of hell, there in the dark and cold. One hour more—and the dim silences of eternity would close in around me. And I was afraid to die. Therein lay the horror of it all. All the philosophy, all the religion that I had ever known had taught me that death was a step into the dark—and I feared that dark like a little child. Outside the door of my cell I heard the dull, trampling footsteps of the guard, "one-two-three-four—about turn, one-two-three-four—about turn, one-two-three." Escape was impossible, even if I had wished to attempt it, and I knew that no power on earth could save me now.

With a desperate effort at self-control I shook off the terror which threatened to overwhelm me,

and lay back upon my mattress, trembling, but momentarily calm. The objects in the cell took shape and outline in the wan light which increased steadily as the seconds of life slipped away. I saw a small earthenware jar standing in the corner, and eyed it with curious, detached interest. What, I asked myself wonderingly, was the jug doing there? And then I remembered that the guard had brought it in, full of water—last night, ages and ages ago—for fear I might be thirsty. But I wasn't, although my lips were dry and burning—and it amused me greatly to think that the guard should have had so much trouble for nothing. And he'd have to carry all the water out again.

I knew I was going mad. Well, perhaps death would be so much easier. And then I saw the little silver crucifix on the wall. It had always been there—but I had given it little attention until now. Trembling in every limb, I cast away my thin blanket, and stepped onto the stone floor of the cell. I was deadly cold—except my head, which seemed all on fire. And then, amid the awful silence of the prison cell, I knelt before the silver image and tried to pray. No words came from between my dry lips. I was denied the last privilege of man—the right to pray in the hour of death. I could say nothing, think nothing, do nothing, except kneel.

Ghosts of the dead past rose up around me. I saw Marchal, the livid scar across his cheek (where I had struck him once). He spoke no words, but laughed—laughed horribly—and was gone. I saw Madeline, saw her close at hand, and I stretched out my arms to her with a mumbled cry—but she, too, vanished. And then I saw Morel, the one man who might have saved me. They said I had killed him—they had found me in the trench beside him, rifle in hand—and he had been shot twice through the body. I had faced court-martial, they had found me guilty, and at dawn I would face the firing squad. And I was innocent. La Salle—he of the laughing eyes and devil's soul—was guilty; he alone, but no one would ever know. How I hated the white-faced youth who had once been my dearest friend! Only to have my long fingers about his throat—only to see his face blacken and the life go from him, inch by inch! Morel stood beside me now, infinite pity in his great dark eyes. I saw the bloody wound in his chest, even as I had seen it that day in the trench at Kalabahd. His lips moved, but I heard no sound. Then he was gone, and I was alone once more.

No, not alone. I had been so pre-occupied that I had not heard the key turning in the lock—had not sensed his presence in the cell until he called me by name. "La Salle," I said in wonder, "why have you come?"

He smiled, but there was no laughter in his stricken eyes. "I told them I wanted to say good-bye, and they let me in. Henri, I have come to give you back your life. Take my uniform, and go—go quickly! We look so much alike."

"Why should I go?" I answered dully. "I was almost ready to die—and now you've spoilt it all—just like a silly schoolboy."

He caught me by the arm. "Henri, you go! I tell you, you must—you must!"

I smiled indulgently. "Even if I passed the guards, I could never escape."

"But you can!" he exclaimed feverishly. "Horses are ready just outside the gate. They will carry you to the sea, and you can take ship to England. Henri, you loved me as a brother once. For my sake—go!"

Then I looked into his eyes—and saw that hell was loose within his soul. My mind was made up. La Salle feared death as much as I—but he hated life far more. The way of vengeance was open to me at last. I raised my voice and summoned the guard. "Show monsieur out," I said—and laughed. The door closed on La Salle with a muffled clang.

They came for me soon after that. With a guard on either side I walked down the long corridor. I went up the steps and crossed the courtyard to the wall on the farther side. I turned my face to the east, towards the sunrise that I would never see again. They were all there before me—twelve men with rifles—my executioners. The sergeant approached, handkerchief in hand, but I waved him away. I would die with the sun in my eyes. The priest came to my side, but I cursed and told him to go. Why wouldn't they let me die in peace!

A pain shot through my body, agonizing—mercifully swift—and the sun went out. My knees twisted beneath me—twisted horribly, and I fell down into an abyss of blackest night. Then I was running, running, until my heart seemed to burst, and I fell forward on my face.

Someone touched me on the shoulder—and I looked up. "Morel!" I cried, in ecstasy of wonder and delight. "You're here, alive—thank God, thank God! Tell them quick, that I didn't kill you—tell them, before they shoot me!"

He looked at me strangely, and I saw that he was not the same. I reached up, and caught him by the hand. "Morel, Morel," I said slowly. "You're dead!"

"Yes," he answered, "so are you."

—Mc.

LES AMIS

"Friends,"

We made a vow to be,
And since have found
That state in which each gives
Enlightened sympathy;
A state which knows
No petty quarrels, nor strife
By ignorance engendered;
But only happiness of such degree
As it is given to us on earth to know.
Small wonder, then, that I
Must welcome, with e'er the same content,
That one whose feeling is akin to mine—
A feeling which sublimely brands us
"Friends."

—PHIDIPIDES.

EVENSONG

A lone pine stands
 Dark-etched against a sullen evening sky;
 Gray, ashen banks
 Of serried clouds, unmoved as winds pass by,
 Bar fast the way
 To mystic lands beyond the setting sun;
 Yet, here and there
 A pale green remnant of the day that's done
 Gleams through the bars
 Of somber mist, like some fair promise made
 Of golden days
 That down through future years will float arrayed
 In happy dreams.

We two, who watch
 The quiet closing of the bustling day
 Are all alone
 And many endless centuries away
 From all the world.
 We two, who see the setting sun go down
 Far, far away,
 Beyond the farthest margin of the world,
 We two

Dark grows the sky
 The pine-tree melts into the darkening clouds,
 A murmuring breeze
 Runs through the trees and flings faint feathery
 shrouds
 Of mist across the sky.
 The last gleam of the sun glows faint and far
 The night draws on
 Look, dear! In the far East rises the evening star!
 —By L.

Modern Ranch Life

Harry J. Hargrave

Ranch life (as portrayed by moving pictures and novels of the present day) is not the ranch life of existing conditions. Having been born and brought up on a typical Alberta cattle ranch, I shall endeavour to describe a few of the major tasks on a ranch, particularly in so far as they affect the modern cowboy or ranch-hand.

The average individual of the urban population has the impression that a cowboy does nothing but ride horses and drive cattle with them. While ability to ride is the first requisite for a cow-hand, nevertheless it is by no means his sole accomplishment. To be really efficient he must be more of a jack-of-all-trades, so numerous are the jobs to be performed.

Haying Season

During the months of July and August the haying season is in full swing. To feel secure against the long severe winters, the far-sighted rancher wants at least a ton of hay per head of cattle. As the ordinary ranch has on the average a thousand head of cattle, it can easily be seen that stacking hay for these cattle is not a small task. The hay is cut,

raked and stacked out in the open, horses furnishing the power for all three operations. One must know a little about mechanics to keep a mower running efficiently day after day. During the rainy days when it is too wet to hay, there are plenty of odd jobs to be done. The cattle have to be ridden at least once a week to make sure they have plenty of range and water. There is always a fence to be fixed or haying machinery to be repaired. September usually signifies the end of this season.

The Work of Autumn

The beef are gathered in the middle of September and turned on good pasture to finish them off before shipping, a month later. This requires long days of hard, careful riding. Fat steers are very excitable, and must be handled with the greatest of care to avoid undue loss of weight.

With the shipping done, preparations are made for winter. Corrals and sheds are repaired, wells and windmills put in good order and supplies of coal, food and other necessities are hauled in. Then with the first snow flurry, the cows and calves are brought in from the summer range. The calves are weaned by shutting them in a corral with food and water for a few days. The noise of three hundred calves and the same number of cows bawling for each other at the same time is one that will not soon be forgotten. The cows are then moved to the winter range, and the calves are kept at home and fed hay all winter.

Winter

When winter sets in hay has to be pitched, water-holes chopped open and cattle watched. If a storm blows up there is no rest for the cowboy, for he must be with the cattle on the range to keep them from drifting with the wind. When the snow gets crusted or too deep for grazing the grown stock must be moved home and fed hay. Sometimes as much as twelve tons or six loads a day must be pitched onto hay racks and hauled to the feed grounds to be thrown off to the hungry herd, so it is easily seen that there is quite enough labor for three or four men to do.

Spring Brings New Labor

With the first signs of spring the calves are de-horned and then all the cattle are moved to the summer range. When the "doggies" are all settled, fence repairing starts in earnest. With as much as twenty miles of fence to be kept up, this is no small undertaking, and considerable skill is required to make a good job of it. A poorly constructed fence is useless as far as range cattle are concerned.

Horse-breaking commences when this is over, and many are the thrills and spills encountered in this activity. Unruly colts are trained to be good cow-horses and heavier horses are broken to harness. These operations require great skill, and very few are gifted with the knack of good horse-breaking.

The Round-up

Then comes the most interesting event of the year, the round-up. All the new calves are branded, ear-marked and vaccinated. The cowboy is really in his element wrestling calves, amid the twirling of

ropes, and the pungent odor of burning flesh. There is no end to the noise and the dust raised. A gang of twelve good men can brand three hundred calves in four hours; so the task is not long, though it is very interesting while it lasts. Many a laugh is prompted by the efforts of some greenhorn in trying to wrestle a calf. By this time the hot summer has arrived, and haying is again the order of the day.

Life on a modern ranch, therefore, although it does have its dull moments, can never be called uneventful. There is an endless variety of work to be done, and in a year the average cowboy may have more hair-raising experiences than most city dwellers have in a lifetime.

WINDERMERE

A far-off valley in memory dear,
Lies to the West 'mid mountains high.
Come with me to the Windermere
And there I'll tell you of days gone by.

Once a girl with cheeks so pale
Came to this valley in dark despair;
But ere she went forth from that mountain vale,
Behold!—she had found that life was fair.

For an old Prospector, wrinkled and worn,
Taught her the rule of the mountains old.
To be happy and well and not forlorn,
A person must dwell in Nature's hold.

This kind old man with heart of gold
Had found in that valley comfort and rest;
In thought and deed he seemed not old;
His secret this as you have guessed.

"Live with Nature from morn till night;
Love her creatures and learn her ways;
Work and play with all your might;
Then rest and be young always."

The maiden followed this daily round,
Through many months of hope and fear;
Till peace and health at last were found
In the glorious land of Windermere.

Now I bless that vale of pines;
Soon to return is my hope so dear,
To thank that dear old man of mines,
Who taught me to live in Windermere.

W. H. HARGRAVE.

Spring Fever

I have Spring Fever. My soul is restless. It always becomes restless with the first warm wind, becomes tired of finding the derivatives of numbers, of translating Latin and of trying to remember whether Byron or Shelley died in 1822. It makes me want to be up and away, to start off to discover this world of such variety that lies around and about us. It makes me want to pack my two

clean handkerchiefs and catch the next train for the next boat for another side of the world.

I want to go to Scotland and hear the "it gars me greet" of Burns; to Ireland, to see old haunted castles; and maybe on a moonlight night to sit very still beside a fairy ring and see the little people come out and dance.

I want to go to France, to Versailles; to wander among its gardens, to stand beside some quiet pool and see the gaiety, the "joie de vivre," the laughter and the love that centered there before the revolution; to Holland, to see the tiny girls in stiff starched skirts and wooden shoes, quaint replicas of their elders; to ride on the canals and remember little Peter holding out the ocean with his finger in the hole of the dike; to Venice, and with Byron to stand on the Bridge of Sighs—"a palace and a prison on each hand"; to Greece, to the Parthenon when the white moonlight makes it a temple of silver; to sit very, very still until I should feel the restless crowd of the ghosts of olden Greece that must be there.

I must see India with its soft-eyed women, its tinkling of temple bells, its charm, its beauty and its mystery. Possibly I would cross the mountains into Tibet to a country of monks crowded into Lamaseries, to a forbidden city, to Yak caravans bringing tea from China, to hints and signs of a civilization—wonderful, centuries-old, almost forgotten. I might join one of those yak-caravans returning to China. There I would see its New Year's celebration with kites and lanterns, its Great Wall, its temples, its flowers, its memories of its ancient marvellous culture. Then to Burma, to Supiyaulat with her whacking big cheroot, to the Great God Bud and see "the dawn come up like thunder out of China 'crost the bay." And I want to go to Egypt, to stand before the Sphinx and think of all the things its sightless eyes have seen; to stand before the Pyramids and realize my youngness and my puniness.

Oh! There are so many places where I want to go—to Africa with its jungle, to Russia and its spies, to the South Sea Islands with their palm-trees and romance, to Japan with its flower-festivals, its cherry blossoms and its brilliant, quaint kimono; and to Persia with its swarming markets, and its beggars calling "Baksheesh." To Australia, to see the kangaroos hopping about with their babies in their pockets; to Palestine and the Sea of Galilee; to Mexico, into its wilderness of jungle; to come suddenly upon the great Chichen Itza temple and to gaze deeply into the Well of Death.

I want to go and go and go. My soul is tired of the humdrum round of being at lectures, listening to professors and studying. I want to be up and away, only I cannot now. It is impossible to do it right away, but in the meantime I have a pathway—a magic road of books that leads into all the corners of the earth, and in between Mathematics and Latin and French and History I can step on this highway which will take me not only into the bounded places of the earth, but also into the boundless countries of the land of Never-Never.

PHYLLIS COLLIER.

LEAVE IT TO THE LADIES

A VERY LIGHT OPERA

By Cecilia Salt

Dramatis Personae

Eunice, a Varsity co-ed in her senior year.
 Bertha, Sophy, Connie, her so-called friends.
 Three maids.
 Algernon, his one fault, lack of virtues.
 Norman, salesman in the Varsity district for the "Downright" washer.
 Arthur, Bob, their friends.
 Doc Failemall, dean of the faculty of Arts.
 Rev. Fake, what his name implies.
 One waiter.
 Chorus of (1) girls and (2) boys.

ACT I

Scene—Any Tuck Shop of any university.
 Monday, April 1, 19—

A counter partly shows at one end at which the waiter appears when necessary. Tables and chairs fill the stage.

Eunice, Bertha, Sophy, Connie and girls' chorus discovered lounging about after ice cream.

Opening Chorus

Chorus

Sad is the maiden, though sun be shining,
 Whose doom is fixed and whose heart's repining,
 Whose life cruel Fate is fast consigning
 To ill, without hope of a silver lining.

Eunice

As hapless maiden I
 As e'er you'll read in history:
 The tragic reason why
 I shall not make a mystery.

Alas, I had a sire

Whose sternest exhortation
 Was but to bid me pass

My term examination.

This passion was so strong

That he became obdurate

And straightway made his will

As witnessed by a curate.

So suddenly he died

The will remained intact

And if I fail, then I shall lose

Ten thousand by that pact.

Chorus

Oh, sad is the fate of a Varsity flapper
 Who fails her exams and whose professors "cap"
 her;

There's one consolation, young Algernon, dapper,
 Will soothe and console her in spite of her "papper."

Eu.: Oh, it's terrible! I don't know what on earth
 to do. Everything seems so hopeless. But,
 girls, don't tell a single soul, please. Norman
 and you are the only ones who know.

Girls: Trust us. (Exeunt.)

Enter Algernon

Alg.: Oh, Eunice, may I see you?

Eu.: There's nothing stopping your view. But why?

Alg.: Oh, lots of reasons. You—you haven't just
 eaten, have you?

Eu.: Yes, I have, but that doesn't matter. I'll take
 a soda.

Alg. (securing it): Say, Eunice—there's something
 —on my mind.

Eu.: It sounds painful.

Alg.: What's painful?

Eu.: Oh, nothing.

Alg.: What are you driving at?—I never do know.

Eu.: Is that my fault?

Alg.: Eh? I don't think you heard what I said.

Eu.: Yes, I did, perfectly. But is that all you had
 to say? If so, I'm going to study.

Alg.: You're very interested in studying all of a
 sudden. It isn't natural. What's the matter?

Eu.: Oh, just my innate ambition.

Alg.: You never showed signs of it before. But
 Eunice (leaning closer), you know—in spite of
 your faults—I—I—love you. There's some-
 thing about you—I don't know what—it's not
 beauty and it's not brain—but there's something
 making me like you quite against my will.

Eu.: Oh, I'm so glad you feel like that, too, because
 that's just the way I feel about you. It's funny,
 isn't it, when there's no reason? I've tried to
 find something really nice about you that makes
 me feel like that, but I simply can't. There
 isn't a thing!

Alg.: Isn't it funny?

She's a queer little chit
 With not very much wit,
 And she'd be a misfit
 At the best of it.

Eu.: He's too talkative
 And provocative,
 But I freely forgive,
 Since his head is like a sieve.

Alg.: She takes too much space,
 And she hasn't much grace;
 There is even a trace
 Of rouge on her face.

Eu.: He is short and he's stubby—
 Inclined to be chubby—
 His chin's rather rubby;
 His face is too grubby.

Alg.: I admit, as a duty,
 She isn't a beauty,
 But I'll take as my booty
 This queer little cutie.

Both: For there's on attraction.
 That comes like abstraction
 And due to reaction
 We love to distraction
 We love, love, shout it above
 Waken the heavens with love.

Alg.: And now that we thoroughly understand each
 other—

Eu.: Are you sure you do?

Alg.: Eh? But I was saying, since we understand each other we might as well decide when to have the wedding.

Eu. (quickly): The sooner the better for me.

Alg.: We'd better leave it until—after the exams.—hadn't we?

Eu. (petulantly): I don't see why.

Alg.: Well, you see, I am thinking it might be better for you. You might be so excited that you wouldn't pass.

Eu. (quickly): Who told—? What difference would it make? The awful suspense would be just as bad.

Alg.: Suspense? We're sure that we're going to be married, aren't we? And besides—I was thinking—er—er—we'll need some—money—and shouldn't yours come through by then?

Eu.: Yes, it **should**. (Aside) But will it? That is the question. (Aloud petulantly) Oh, Algy, if you're not going to give me my way on a little thing like this, I know you'll be horrid after we're married, so I might as well stay single.

Alg.: Why, Eunice—don't—I'm so sorry. But, you see, I don't understand your reason.

Eu. (aside): I hope you never will! (Aloud) Women's don't have reasons. They simply feel. Oh, Algy! Don't be cruel, I love you!

Alg.: Why—all right, then—Eunice—but I still don't see why. Anyway, perhaps we might as well get it over. How about tomorrow?

Eu.: Oh, you darling! (Embrace.)

Enter Chorus, in twos, while the following song is being sung:

Duet
Eunice

At the act of persuasion I've shown myself neat;
I've a sly little way that would be hard to beat;
I'd be less elevated in a high trapeze feat
Than I am at the thought of such bliss "tout de suite."

Alg.

I confess I don't see what the rush is about,
But at any rate I'm going to be a good scout.
She wants her own way; that is it, I've no doubt.
I'll give in, for I'm sure I don't want her to pout.

Chorus and Duet

Oh, happy and blissful are we (they) two today!
Tomorrow's to be our (their) desired wedding day!
Bring your confetti, your rice and old shoes,
Your onions, sheets, pop-guns—whatever you choose,

And whether you laugh or whether you cry,

Let noise and hilarity rise to the sky.

Put your ginger ale, cookies and cake on the table

For wedding days come only once (what a fable!)

Then frolic and rollick, and japer and caper,

Burst airy balloons and wear dunce caps of paper;

Girls: Be sunny and funny—a honey, a bunny,

A boulder, a flounder—surround 'er,
astound 'er,

All: For the daughter he sought 'er

Boys: And caught 'er and taught 'er

Girls: And tomorrow he marries her just as he oughter.

All: Hey diddle diddle! he sought 'er and caught 'er

Girls: And tomorrow he

Alg.: Marries her

Boys: Just as he

Eu.: Oughter.

Eunice and Algy make towards the door

Enter Norman

Nor.: That you, Eunice? (leading her in again while Algy stares). Sorry to deprive you of her, old man, but I've lots to say and this is an opportunity that doesn't come often.

Alg.: But, Eunice—I thought—!

Eu.: Oh don't, Algy! You look too funny when you do. Bye-bye, I won't be long. (Exit Algy.)

(Norman makes a face behind his back.)

Song

Norman

Oh, what do you say to a sundae—

A cherry-topped ice-creamy sundae?

I think nothing's nicer than cold creamy icer,
So let's have a sundae on Monday.

Eu.

Especially a cherry-topped sundae,

I like your idea of a sundae,

So let's have an icer,

It's sure to be nicer,

As all sundaes are when it's Monday.

Chorus

Yes, we like your idea of a sundae

Especially a cherry-topped sundae,

So let's have an icer,

It's sure to be nicer,

As all sundaes are when it's Monday.

(Calling)

Oh, waiter, it's sundae!

Waiter (calling)

No, Monday!

Chorus

It's sundae

A cherry-topped sundae on Monday.

(Sundaes are supplied and all arrange themselves.

Norman and Eunice are off by themselves)

Nor.: I can't understand what you see in such a half-wit?

Eu.: Surely you're not showing signs of inferiority complex now. Heavens! It's spreading. Don't come any closer!

Nor.: Don't be funny. You know who I mean.

Eu.: Algy? Oh, he's not so bad when you get used to him.

Nor.: You're making an heroic attempt. (Moving closer.) Listen, Eunice. I've something really worth while to tell you.

Eu.: Really! How unusual.

Solo—Norman

Oh, I'm a salesman, what I mean,

For the "Downright" ripping washing machine,

Works by suction of four round discs,

Tears the clothes from the dirt—no isks,

Not like the old things that drove one wild,

This can be worked by the youngest child.

The cheapest thing that you'll ever see!

And a ten per cent. discount for taking three!

Eu.: Do you think I can waste time on sundae just to hear what I already suspected? I thought it was something worth while.

Nor.: That's as good a bargain as you could get anywhere. But wait—I didn't finish.

Song (continued)

Now how would you like to run one free?

You can do so by coming to live with me.

I'll supply the machine (I perceive your elation)
It will be one that's had eighteen months' demonstration.

I'll promise you seven shirts a week for your pleasure

And all sorts of hankies to wash at your leisure.
Socks, ties and collars there'll be by the dozens
And if you want more, I've obliging young cousins.

Now what do you think of my excellent offer?

A washer complete with all fixtures I proffer.
In case you don't see the main point of this jargon,

Remember that I am thrown in as a bargain.

Well, what's the verdict?

Eu.: I can't say that my back is getting any pleasing shivers from the last part of your offer.

Nor.: You mean that you don't like the idea of my being "thrown in" as a sideline. I can quite understand that a girl of your fine sensibilities wouldn't. Well, then, will you marry me?

Eu.: Even now I don't exactly—relish the idea.

Nor.: You—what? (Pause.) But, Eunice, even supposing you didn't want me, look at the fun you'll miss by not having the washer!

Eu.: It is a sacrifice, but I'll have to make it, I'm afraid.

Nor.: But maybe I should have told you before—I—love you.

Eu.: That shows your good taste at any rate, and I congratulate you. But I'm resigned to make the sacrifice.

Nor.: Haven't you any pity?

Eu.: Self-pity is too pleasant and deadly a sin to indulge in.

Nor.: Then what use to me now is even my washer? I'm broken-hearted.

Solo—Norman

Into my heart came a beautiful love

Sent like the sunshine from realms above;

Happy my heart with ecstatic joy—

Life was all golden with no alloy.

Out of my heart crawls a shapeless thing,

Bleeding, and dragging a broken wing:

Who but have suffered such tragic woe,

Can know 'tis my love that is wounded so!

Eu.: I'm so glad you're taking it that way, Norman. I'd have felt terrible if you hadn't been heart-broken about it. Promise me that you will never forget me, but always love me devotedly.

Nor.: Oh, I promise, Eunice—I promise. Goodbye—goodbye.

Exit sadly.

Enter Sophy, Bertha and Connie

Ber.: What's the matter with Norman? He looks wash-out and badly-wrung.

Eu.: That's exactly it. It's because I won't marry his "Downright" ripper. (Girls laugh.)

Sop.: But, say, Eunice, Doc Failleall wants to see you. He looks like a thunderstorm and blizzard combined, and he's in a hurry. You'd better not keep him waiting.

Eu.: Me? I wonder what he wants!

Ber.: If you ask me, it's probably about your lack of prospects for the finals. You'd better hurry.

Exit Eunice.

Con.: It will be too bad if she fails.

Ber.: In more ways than one. Do you think it will make any difference with Algy?

Sop.: Difference? If he knew what a risk he's taking of losing ten thousand he'd turn gray overnight.

Ber.: It doesn't seem right to trick him that way.

Con.: We can't help it, I guess.

Ber.: We—can.

Con.: You mean—?

Ber.: Maybe it's really our duty to tell him. I haven't any—interest in Algy, you understand, but—I don't like to see anyone tricked.

Sop.: It wouldn't be so bad if there was a chance, but—I think it's our duty to tell him, I really do—Oh, here he comes—

Enter Algy

All three: Oh, Algy—

Alg. (worriedly): H—ello—you haven't seen Eunice anywhere, have you?

Ber.: Oh, leave her alone for a while. We've something to tell you—

Alg.: But—but she promised—

Sop.: Oh, come on, Algy. Do be nice and hear us out. It's for your own good. (Whispering to Bertha) You tell him.

Recit.

Ber.: What's tomorrow?

Alg.: My wedding day!

Ber.: You're doomed to sorrow.

Alg.: The deuce, you say!

Sop.: You've been the dupe of a cowardly plot—

Alg.: Tell me the worst—do we wed or not?

Ber.: We all hate to tattle-tale on a friend,

Con.: But if we don't, goodness knows where you'll end.

Ber.: You're expecting that Eunice will have lots of money,

Sop.: But she really won't,

Alg.: Won't?

Girls: That's what makes it so funny.

Ber.: She won't have a cent,

Alg.: Not a cent, you say?

Con.: Unless she receives her degree in May.

Alg. (sadly): Then there isn't a hope! Oh, fate! She has deceived me. Oh! (staggering).

Exit Connie and Sophie.

Ber.: Oh, don't take it so hard, please, Algy—

Alg.: And I was expecting to do so much with it!

Ber.: Oh, don't pine, Algy. You mustn't. You're too delicate. I can stand anything but that. Do cheer up—we all love you so.

Alg.: It's true, I am delicate. I must take care of myself (examining himself). Why, I'm wasting away already.

Ber.: But you mustn't. What about us who love you?

Alg.: You really do? After all, I'm not surprised. I have my good points. But it's strange you didn't tell me before.

Ber. (passionately): I've loved you madly, romantically, but heroically I have hidden it in my heart.

Alg.: A nice little place to keep it. (Suddenly) I say, why couldn't I take you instead of Eunice? You're rich anyway. Let me look at you closer (examining her carefully). Not too bad. Are you sure you would love me as much as you ought, and can you cook?

Ber.: Oh, yes, both!

Alg.: Then I guess you'll do (embrace).

Chorus enters and all characters who have appeared in this act

All: Fie, fie, what's this, what's this?

He's actually giving the girl a kiss!

Eu.: Why, Algy! How dare you?

Alg. (repelling her): I don't want you. You won't ever have any money and Bertha has enough to be comfortable. We'll get married next month. (Eunice sobs.)

Nor. (aside): Somebody's let the cat out of the bag and spilled the beans. (Aloud) A nice mess to clean up. Never mind, Eunice, come to my trusty washer. It will clean up well on anything.

Eu. (sobbing on his shoulder): Oh, thank you, Norman. I—I think—after all—I'll change my mind about the—sacrifice.

Nor.: That's what I expected you to do. It's a woman's privilege.

Finale
Solo—Algy

Woe, disillusionment came to me;
Tossed was my heart like the stormy sea;
But Bertha, sweet Bertha, with winning smile,
Bewitching grace and a fair-sized "pile"
Has spread a new world before my view
And I turn from despair to love anew.

Recit.

Ber.: My heart was once sad with a numb despair,
But now the world's pleasant and glad and fair.
He loves me!

Alg.: I love her and she loves me, too—
Chorus (pairing off): Then you'll have no objection if we do so, too.

Ber.: Of course not, he loves me, he gave me a kiss,
Alg.: And to think that my ignorance led to such bliss.

Dance and Chorus ensemble

There's one of them born every minute you know,

Ho! ho! ho! and hippity ho!

That's how we get our amusement though,
Ho! ho! hippity ho!

Today is Monday—a month to go—

Ho! ho! ho! and hippity ho!

And they'll be tied up with a knot, just so
(Attitude of tying a noose round their necks)
Ho! ho! hippity ho!

Then frolic and rollick, and japer and caper,
Burst airy balloons and wear dunce caps of paper.

Girls: Be sunny and funny—a honey, a bunny,

Boys: A boulder, a flounder—surround 'er, astound 'er.

All: For the daughter he sought 'er

Boys: And caught 'er and taught 'er

Girls: A month, and he'll marry her just as he oughter

All: Hey diddle diddle, he sought 'er and caught 'er

Girls: A month and he

Alg.: Marries her

Boys: Just as he

Ber.: Oughter.

ACT II.

The Tuck Shop, Monday afternoon, May 6th, 19—.

All the girls but Eunice, and all the boys but Norman.

Girls discovered arranging flower-baskets, setting the table, etc., and boys on ladders putting up streamers and festoons and a large white wedding bell.

Bertha and Algy superintend operations.

Chorus

'Tis the merry wedding-day,
Cast all care and gloom away.
We are very much delighted
That our friends their troth have plighted
We're the wedding guests invited.
Hail the bridal-day.

Solo—Bertha

My good friends, I'm so excited,
Half a day and then—united:
Hasten, do, and get things righted
Time just flies away.

Solo—Algy (aside)

Half a day of single bliss
Who'd have thought I'd come to this
Wonder how much fun I'll miss
When I'm "fixed" to stay.

Boys (with actions)

Hang up the streamers in graceful curves dipping
Carefully twist them to keep them from ripping.
Hang in the centre the big wedding-bell
Festoons above all the doors will look well.

Girls (with actions)

Place the gay flower-baskets tastefully round,
Put the confetti where sure to be found,
Spread the white cloth and the table embellish,
Polish the silver and glasses with relish.

Chorus ensemble and dance around the tables:

For 'tis the merry wedding-day

Put on all your fine array

Ready all by half-past three
 Light of heart and full of glee
 No sad folly, happy, jolly,
 Come and cast off melancholy
 Brightly, lightly, rightly, sprightly,
 Very merry be.

(Dance off, all but Connie, Sophie, Bob and Arthur, who tidy up and remove ladders, etc.)

Sop.: Do you suppose Eunice will come?

Bob: Of course! She's a good sport.

Arthur: Where has she been keeping herself? I haven't seen her for days.

Con.: None of us have. She's shut herself up into her room and she's been working hard. I think she's finding it a rather novel experience.

Arthur: Working? What at?

Sophy (laughing): I guess she thought that since she didn't get Algy she might as well get her degree.

Bob: Sure, she's an optimist!—a person who sees one degree ahead. But who's giving the bride away this afternoon?

Sop.: She gave herself away in the first case. Today it's to be Doc Failmall. Bye-bye, we must go and dress now.

Exit girls.

Enter Algy with very dishevelled and bewildered appearance

Oh, here comes the groom! What's wrong, Algy? You look as if the worst was yet to come.

Alg. (excitedly): I—I'm a bit—flustered. I—I—I've—never—done it before.

Bob: Done what? Committed suicide? (Sadly)

Oh, no, you're still here, alas!

Alg.: I—I've never—~~married~~! Can either of you tell me—what it's like?

Arthur: Oh, the ceremony's not so bad, but the aftermatch is heart-breaking. Listen:

Male Duet—Arthur and Bob

Amused the minister stands at the altar

As bridegroom and best man approach him and falter,

They wait an interminable time for the bride;

At last she slips shyly sedate to his side.

The preacher asks questions and they say "I do."

He asks for a ring and they give him that, too;

Pronounces above them a brief benediction.

Then all that awaits them is marital friction.

Exit Algy groaning and tearing his hair.

Ha! ha! ha! hee! hee! hee!

That's put the damper on poor Algy.

Gasping for breath like a fish out of water—

And all for the sake of somebody's daughter.

Exit laughing.

Enter 3 maids

They fill glasses, set candles, place cake and sandwich trays, etc.

Trio

1st: Fill up the glasses with sparkling wine,

2nd: See that the candlesticks are all in line;

3rd: Polish the dishes and make them shine.

Oh—h—h—!

Ensemble and dance around table

We like a wedding-day fuss, ho! ho!

Arranging the sweetmeats thus, ho! ho!

It wouldn't come off but for us, ho! ho!

Oh—h—h—!

1st: Now for the silver sandwich trays:

2nd: At each end a silver flower vase:

3rd: Oh what a flutter these last few days.

Oh—h—h—!

Ensemble and dance

Now that our share of it's done, ha! ha!

Away from the scene we must run, ha! ha!

But we shall peek in at the fun, ha! ha!

Oh—h—h—!

Exit dancing.

Enter Arthur and Bob with Rev. Fake

Arthur: Nobody here yet? Why, it's three-thirty now.

Bob: Any fool—that is, any ordinary person knows that nothing ever starts on time here. How about a game of cards?

Rev. F.: Just the thing. It revives the sinking spirits.

Bob: Spirits! Oh, I know your weakness. How do you take it?

Rev. F.: Neat, please.

(Bob secures the drinks, while the other two draw chairs up to a small table. They begin to play)

Rev. F. (drinking): There's nothing like ginger ale for warmth of spirits.

Arthur: And there's nothing like Triple Solitaire to cool them. But listen—here they come.

(They hastily remove signs of their dissipation)

Enter chorus dancing. Algy follows and finally Norman and Eunice, slowly

Chorus

Here we all are a-tripping it lightly,

Wearing our best and behaving politely;

Woe to the traitor who smiles not brightly—

All must be gay!

Hither and thither your rose-petals scatter

(Girls do this)

Click your heels, tap your toes, let your feet patter.

Who's to demand of you what is the matter

If you are gay?

Sing round-roundelay,

There's a wedding today

And it's everyone's right to be happy and gay.

Enter Doc Failmall, who walks towards

Eunice

Doc. F. (to all): Excuse me for entering prematurely, but I have some very good news.

All: News? Oh, tell us!

Doc. F.: I have just learned from the office that Miss Eunice has passed her exams with first-class honors and, if I am not mistaken, I believe that entitles her to ten thousand dollars by her father's will. Allow me to congratulate you, my dear.

Ensemble: Good girl! That's the stuff! Ten thousand!

Alg. (aside): First class honors! She gets her ten thousand! What luck!

(Meanwhile Bertha and her two bridesmaids have appeared at a door back stage and are listening unseen)

Alg. (making towards Eunice): In that case, of course, I—I'll marry you.

Eu. (sarcastically): In **any** case you'll **not**.

Alg. (surprised): But Eunice—I—I thought——

Eu.: Don't! You can't stand the strain.

Alg.: Then you don't want to marry me?

(Eunice turns away in disgust)

Then it will have to be Bertha, I guess. (To the minister) We might as well get it over with.

Ber. (angrily rushing in): I heard all that you said! Let me tell you that it will **not** be Bertha.

Alg.: Not you, Bertha? Why——

Ber.: And there will be **no** wedding——

Alg.: No wedding? But what will I——?

(Algy and Bertha separate to opposite sides)

Chorus: No wedding? There **must** be a wedding. The minister's here and we're all ready.

Eunice (leading Norman by the hand): Yes, there will be a wedding. I'll be the bride.

Norman—And I, the groom.

Bob: Then may I still be best man?

Sophy and Connie: Then may we still be bridesmaids?

Nor. and Eu.: Oh, yes!

Rev. F.: Then if you will take your places in front of me, we can proceed with the ceremony. (Positions; the bride and groom kneel.)

Recit.

Rev. F.: Do you love him more than all earth?

Eu.: I do!

Rev. F.: Do you take her for what she is worth?

Nor.: I do!

Rev. F.: Then herewith I bind you (handcuffing them),

Put gladness behind you

Remember, from now on you're two

Chorus: In one.

Remember, from now on you're two!

(They rise, but remain handcuffed throughout the act)

Finale

Chorus (congratulating while singing)

Now it's done

Oh, what fun!

Happy boy!

Wish him joy.

Happy girl

What a pearl

Sets our reeling heads awlirl.

Eu.: Oh, I'm so happy, I could cry. Isn't love wonderful!

Duet—Norman and Eunice

Once I gazed into the heart of a rose:

Oh it was fair!

Hid in a dewdrop, in drowsy repose,
Love nestled there.

I plucked the blossom and oh, I was ware,
Palm cupped above:

I breathed the dewdrop from its fragrance rare
And captured sweet love.

(Hearty laughter from Rev. Fake and Doc. Failemall)

Chorus: What's the joke?

Rev. F.: Doc, shall we tell them what love and marriage really are?

Doc F.: We don't want to be pessimistic, but they might as well know what to expect.

Duet

Rev. F.: Handcuffed lovers, trapped for life
Henpecked husband, nagging wife.

Doc. F.: Love's no fairy, light and airy
Love's a serpent, breathing strife.

Rev. F.: No more dances, no delights

Doc. F.: No more going out at nights

Rev. F.: Washing dishes, cooking food

Doc. F.: Talking harshly, being rude.

Rev. F.: Up all night with crying child

Doc. F.: Family nearly drives you wild.

Ensemble: This, you silly loving duffers,

Is what a household always suffers.

Ber. (broken-heartedly): Oh, don't talk like that.
They're **happy**. Love is only a serpent when it's been shattered.

Duet—Bertha and Algy

Ber.: I feel the serpent at my heart's core

Alg.: And I,

Ber.: I know the stings of a festering sore

Alg.: Oh, sigh!

Both: Life leaves its victims but one thing more
To die!

Arthur: Never say "die." This is a wedding, not a funeral.

Chorus and dance

(Scattering confetti, rice, rose petals, balloons and streamers, etc. At the end of the chorus all should be in places at the table holding balloons)

Ring their merry wedding-bell

Shower confetti on them well

Streamers throw mid peals of laughter

Balloons and petals scatter after

Sing a merry merry lay

Roundelay, roundelay

Put all care and gloom away,

Rounde-roundelay.

For today is Monday, if you don't know,

Ho! ho! ho! and hippety ho!

And they're bound up so that they can't go

Ho! ho! hippety ho!

Then frolick and rollick, and japer and caper,

Burst airy balloons and wear dunce caps of paper.

Girls: Be sunny and funny—a honey, a bunny,

Boys: A boulder, a flounder, surround 'er, astound 'er.

All: For the daughter he sought 'er

Boys: And caught 'er and taught 'er
 Girls: And today he has married her just as he
 oughter
 All: Hey diddle diddle, he sought 'er and caught 'er
 Girls: And today he has

Nor.:
 Boys:
 Eu.:
 Married her
 Just as he
 Oughter.
 Tableau
 CURTAIN

SONNET

I know a girl, a prairie maid, whose face
 Reflects the glorious freedom of the West,
 In all her being shows a winsome grace
 Born of the mother Nature, she knows best.
 Yet moody is she as our western clime:
 This morning blew the chinook, soft and warm,
 All earth its power felt in life sublime—
 Tonight the north wind brings a chilling storm.
 Such is her nature, for she is a part
 Of this great land,—its charms not known
 To those who pass it by, her prairie heart
 Holds all its sweetest vagaries for its own.
 Oh Love of Mine! That you could only feel
 The mood this lonely heart of mine to steal!

WARREN AYLMEER.

PROGRESS

When one considers how that in times past
 Man struggled with all nature to maintain
 His place, and yet increased his mind so fast
 Few marks of his old habits now remain—
 One wonders at the pessimistic view
 Which holds that now the zenith has been reached;
 And though the race from out disorder grew
 We hear the news of Armageddon preached.
 So small a faith can not be justified:
 Since man has come so far the way to peace
 He cannot stop till war's no longer cried,
 And economic wrongs be made to cease.
 Then up, my friends, let's up at break of day,
 To haste the time these ills be chased away!

WARREN AYLMEER.

REBIRTH

Thou art my jewel of allurements,
 Thou, who singest in my heart:
 Thy quiet voice is an enchantment,
 Thou, whose glance holds me in thrall.

The pale ashes of love now reborn to a glow,
 Diffuse quickening warmth with a flush stealing
 slow.

Thy soft gray eyes bewitch my vision,
 Thou, who passing makes me start:
 Thy heath-brown hair delights my passion,
 Thou, who bright-set shines o'er all.

Now the clear spring of love welling forth once
 again,
 Gently washes my soul like a sea-softened rain.
 —G. W.

OUR PERMANENT PRICE

**MEN'S THREE-PIECE SUITS SPECIALLY
CLEANED AND CAREFULLY
PRESSED**

ALL FOR \$1.00

Just phone your orders. Those received by
9 a.m. can be called for, cleaned, pressed and
delivered the same day if so desired.

Phone 4888-2508

**The
Capitol Cleaners**

FOR

Quality Work at Lower Cost

*It's Your Last
Opportunity*

TO SECURE A REAL LA FLECHE TAIL-
ORED SUIT AND TOPCOAT AT SO
GREAT A PRICE REDUCTION

\$29 \$34 \$39 \$44

A DEPOSIT SECURES YOUR ORDER

LaFLECHE BROS.

LIMITED

HIGH CLASS TAILORS

102nd Street

Just South of Jasper



*You may expect
McDermid distinc-
tion only from
Portraits
that are
McDermid
made*

McDermid Studios

LIMITED

Photographers

Artists

Engravers

10133 101st Street

EDMONTON

Telephones 5444-8777



Go to the

TUCK

and get

some

INSPIRATION

